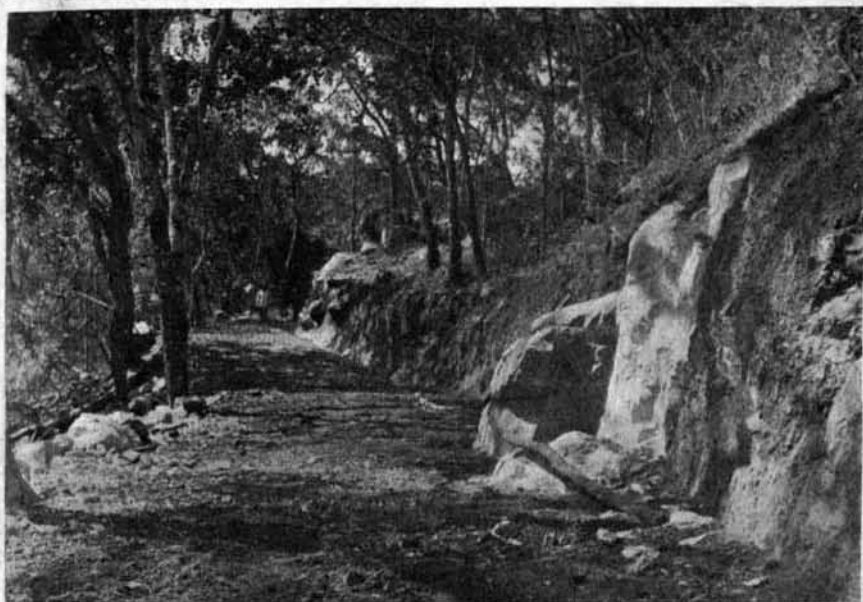


through Nyasaland; but Captain Stairs, who had been very ill with black-water fever, died at Chinde before he could embark on the ocean steamer.

1893 dawned on us with somewhat brighter prospects. I had spent a very pleasant Christmas at Blantyre, and had been cheered by the safe return of Mr. Sharpe from an extensive journey through the Tanganyika, Mweru, and Upper Luapula districts, where he had added to our geographical discoveries, and had settled many outstanding difficulties with Arabs and native chiefs. M. Lionel Décle arrived at the beginning of 1893 on a scientific mission for the French Government. In the course of this mission he had already travelled over South Africa from the Cape to Nyasaland. He eventually continued his journey



CAPTAIN SCLATER'S ROAD TO KATUNGA IN PROCESS OF MAKING

through British Central Africa to the south end of Tanganyika, and thence to Uganda and the east coast of Africa.

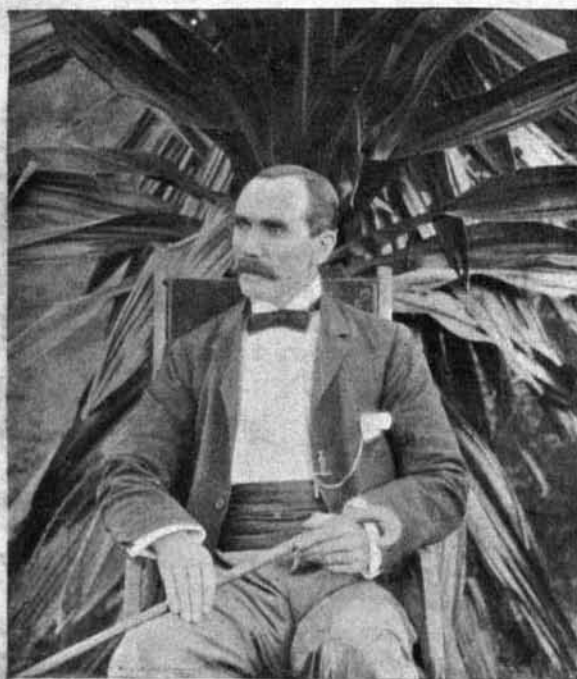
In January, 1893, came Mr. J. F. Cunningham to be my private secretary.¹

In the month of February, 1893, however, we found ourselves face to face with a serious outbreak on the Upper Shire, an outbreak of slave traders that had long been threatened. The upper portion of the Shire was ruled over by a chief named Liwonde, who was a relation of Kawinga's.² Liwonde had

¹ In 1894 he became Secretary to the British Central Africa Administration. Mr. Cunningham, besides organising our printing establishment and Gazette, was—among many other accomplishments—a great road-maker. He constructed the road between Blantyre and Zomba as a "holiday task" while I was absent in South Africa in the spring of 1893. To praise one's private secretary is scarcely less difficult than to praise oneself; such commendation must be private. Still I should like to acknowledge here how much I owe to this gentleman's unflagging industry and zealous co-operation during the period between 1893 and the present day.

² Kawinga, to whom constant allusion will be made in the pages of this History, was a powerful Yao chief of the Machinga clan, who had settled on Chikala Mountain, near the north-west end of Lake Chilwa, at the end of the fifties or beginning of the sixties. He is referred to by Livingstone in his *Last Journeys* as Kabinga. The chief Liwonde was his relation, and had, with some Yao followers, acquired the sovereignty of the Upper Shire about thirty years ago.

received me well in 1889, and had made a treaty with me; but he was incurably addicted to the slave trade. An old Arab, named Abu Bakr (a white Arab of Maskat), lived with Liwonde, and acted as go-between for the supply of slaves to the Swahili caravans. At the beginning of 1893 one of these caravans had kidnapped and carried off some boys at Zomba who worked in Mr. Buchanan's plantations. Captain C. E. Johnson, who happened to be staying at Zomba, hurried off in pursuit of the caravan, accompanied by Mr. George Hoare



MR. J. F. CUNNINGHAM

(formerly a N.C.O. in the Royal Engineers) and a few Makua police. They came up with the caravan in Liwonde's country, and succeeded in releasing the Zomba boys, together with a large number of other slaves, but the slave traders managed to elude them. On the return of the rescue party to the banks of the Shire, in Liwonde's country, they were attacked by Liwonde's men. One of the Makua police was killed, and others were badly wounded, while Mr. Hoare had to swim for his life down the river till he was out of the range of the enemy's guns. Fortunately the rescued slaves were not recaptured. The whole river now was up in arms wherever there were Yao. A boat of the African Lakes Company was coming down in charge of some Atonga. It was seized by Liwonde's men, and one of

the Atonga had his throat cut in Liwonde's presence. Others, though wounded, managed to escape. Finally, the *Domira* unfortunately chose this moment to make one of her rare periodical trips down the Upper Shire to Matope, and stuck on a sandbank opposite to one of Liwonde's towns. When we heard the news at Zomba, we scraped together all the forces we could collect, but these only consisted of Makua police and Atonga labourers. With these men Captain Johnson and I started for the Upper Shire. At Mpimbi we were joined by Messrs. Sharpe, Gilbert Stevenson, and Crawshaw. We fought our way up the river to the place where the *Domira* was stranded. Here we were over three days in a very disagreeable position. Our camp was commanded by the higher ground in the vicinity, from which the natives continually fired into us. They also kept up a steady fire on the *Domira*, and Mr. Stevenson, in going on board that steamer, was gravely, almost mortally, wounded.¹

¹ He was shot through the body just in front of the kidneys, but made a marvellous recovery, and subsequently did excellent service in the Protectorate in the Manje district. When out shooting game in September, 1896, his gun went off accidentally and killed him.

We were getting anxious as to our position, owing to the possible exhaustion of our ammunition and the fact that the enemy had reoccupied the banks of the Shire behind us, thus cutting us off from overland communication with the Shire Highlands. The boats which attempted to go up or down the Shire were fired at, and several boatmen and soldiers were wounded. Mr. Alfred Sharpe was the first to relieve the acute crisis of our position by stealing out with a few Atonga from the stockade, and lying in ambush along one of the paths which the enemy used for advancing in our direction. In this way he was able to pick off with his rifle several of Liwonde's most noted warriors and leaders, and this considerably damped the enemy's ardour.¹

On the third day of our beleaguered state there arrived very welcome reinforcements in the shape of Herr von Eltz (who was in charge of Major von Wissmann's expedition, intended to convey a steamer to Lake Nyasa), a German non-commissioned officer, a Hotchkiss gun, and about twenty Sudanese soldiers. These really relieved us from any peril, and enabled those who had been three days in this camp without sleep or a proper meal, to get both whilst the new arrivals kept watch. On the following day Lieut. Commander Carr, who commanded H.M.S. *Mosquito* on the Zambezi, arrived with Dr. Harper and about twenty blue-jackets.

We had succeeded in getting the *Domira* off the sand-bank, she had gone to Matope, and returned with Mr. Sharpe and further reinforcements. We were now, therefore, able to advance up the river and capture Liwonde's town which was done without much serious fighting; the brunt of the struggle falling to Herr von Eltz and his Sudanese, and Mr. F. J. Whicker.² Liwonde's town was on an island and our forces advanced on both banks of the river. We managed to wade across one branch of the Shire to the island which the enemy had already abandoned on our near approach.

Lieut. Carr and the blue-jackets assisted us in building two forts and then returned to the lower river, one or two blue-jackets remaining behind for a few weeks to assist us in garrisoning the forts. Commander Robertson and myself passed on up the river to the limits of Liwonde's country in the *Domira*, but had no fighting of any serious character. Liwonde fled and we did not succeed in capturing him for several years, during which he occasionally gave us trouble.³ The pacification of the country was ably effected by Mr. F. J. Whicker, under whose superintendence the Upper Shire has become one of the most prosperous districts in the Protectorate, with an abundant and contented population.

In March, 1893, Captain Sclater was obliged to return to England on account of his health and the expiration of the time for which he was seconded. In April I started for South Africa to confer with Mr. Rhodes and the secretary of the South Africa Company, in regard to the contributions to be furnished by that Company towards the administration of British Central Africa.

On my way down the river I met Lieut. (now Lieut.-Colonel) Edwards, who had arrived from India with a large reinforcement of Sikhs. For two years past the armed forces in the Protectorate had consisted of one English officer, sixty to seventy Indian Sepoys, and about fifty Zanzibaris and Makua (the latter being natives of Moçambique). The Indian soldiers, again, included over forty Mazbi Sikhs and about twenty Indian Muhammadan cavalymen. The term for which these men were allowed to volunteer from the Indian Army

¹ An important settlement was afterwards founded here and called "Fort Sharpe."

² Subsequently collector for the Upper Shire district.

³ He is however now exiled to Port Herald on the Lower Shire.

would expire in the summer of 1893, and I had therefore made arrangements with the Indian Government for their relief, but had asked on this occasion, at the suggestion of Captain Johnson, that when the second Indian contingent was sent out, all the new Indian soldiers should be Jāt Sikhs and not Mazbis.¹

Lieut. Edwards brought with him a hundred Sikhs on this occasion. A few months after their arrival the time expired of the Mazbi Sikhs, and the few Indian cavalymen that remained were sent back to India. Later on in the year another hundred Sikhs arrived, under the command of Lieut. (now Captain) W. H. Manning, thus bringing up the full strength of our Indian contingent to 200 men, which maximum it has not since exceeded. In regard to black troops we had first of all tried natives of Zanzibar, but these men had not proved very satisfactory. They were nearly as expensive as the Sikhs, they were not all of them very brave or reliable in warfare, and they

were difficult to procure, owing to the restrictions which had been placed at that time on the expatriation of the natives of Zanzibar; restrictions rendered absolutely necessary owing to the drain on the population of that island caused by the engagement of Zanzibaris for the many expeditions engaged in African exploration. I had been much struck with the good qualities of the Makua of Moçambique. The escort I had taken with me in my journeys of 1889-90 was composed of Makua, recruited at Moçambique. I had also obtained Makua for the Thomson-Grant expedition to Bangweolo, and these men after Mr. Thomson's return had passed into our police force. We were also beginning to employ as police the Atonga natives of West Nyasa. I therefore decided to pay off and send back our few remaining Zanzibaris, and to replace them by Makua and natives of Nyasaland. Meantime, however, at a suggestion from the late Mr. Portal, I tried the experiment of forming a small corps of Zanzibar Arabs (most of them ex-soldiers of

the Sultan of Zanzibar's bodyguard). These men were of poor physique, and we only kept them in our service from one to two years. They were very plucky and, contrary to some people's anticipation, perfectly loyal.²

During the year 1893 arrangements which had been begun for the division of the British Central Africa Protectorate and the adjoining Sphere of the

¹ I need scarcely remind my readers that the Sikhs are not a *race* but merely a religious sect. They are really a section of the Panjāb people of very varied types of humanity, some being dark coloured and of almost Dravidian aspect, others having faces of Greek outline and very pale complexions. The Jāt belongs to the cultivator class and is supposed to be much more aristocratic than the Mazbi. Between the Mazbis and the Jāts, however, I could see very little difference in general appearance, and to my thinking both kinds of Sikhs were equally good; perhaps in one or two points the Mazbis had the advantage in regard to physical endurance, while on the other hand the Jāts were more cheery in disposition, and even more loyally enthusiastic than the Mazbis. In the days when the Sikhs set much store by caste, the Mazbis were the "sweepers" or lowest caste of all, and by some were hardly recognised as proper Sikhs.

² A detailed description of our present military force in the Protectorate will be found in the Appendix to this chapter.



LIEUT.-COL. C. A. EDWARDS

British South Africa Company into administrative divisions were completed. The Protectorate was divided into twelve districts, the names of which will be found in the accompanying map, and that portion of the South Africa Company's territory which we were able to administer was divided into the districts of Tanganyika, Chambezi, Mweru and Luapula.¹

During my absence in South Africa Mr. Sharpe had taken an important step towards controlling the Mlanje district, and guarding our south-eastern border from the raids of a very troublesome chief, known as Matipwiri. To check these raids he had founded Fort Lister in the pass between Mounts Mlanje and Michesi. The idea of building a fort at this spot was no new one. It had first occurred to Consul Hawes in 1886, and I had taken up the idea again after my first visit to Mlanje in 1892. After that journey I decided that as soon as we could obtain reinforcements from India, we should build forts to guard the north and south ends of Mlanje Mountain. These forts I subsequently named Fort Lister and Fort Anderson to commemorate the sympathy and assistance I had received at the hands of Sir Villiers Lister and Sir Percy Anderson of the Foreign Office, in carrying out my projects for the suppression of the slave trade. Captain C. E. Johnson commenced the construction of Fort Lister, but although his advent in this country was warmly

welcomed by the indigenous A-nyanja chiefs, it was anything but welcome to the Yao slave traders, prominent among whom was the chieftain named Nyaserera.² Nyaserera seems to have disliked the idea of making an attack in force on the fort as long as it was defended by a white man, but the idea apparently occurred to him to attempt the assassination of Captain Johnson. That, at least, was the belief of most of the native witnesses whom we subsequently examined. What took place was this: One night as Captain Johnson was sitting down to dinner in his temporary bungalow he heard a slight noise in his adjoining sleeping apartment, and on looking up saw a man with a spear concealed behind a portière. He at once attempted to seize the intruder. The latter grappled with him in the bath-room, to which he had retreated, and stabbed the Captain till he swooned. He then made off before assistance came. This news was conveyed to me by the Indian hospital assistant at Fort Lister.

I hurried over there with Mr. Whyte, and such was the panic created amongst the natives by Nyaserera's sudden evidence of hostility towards us that we had the greatest difficulty in getting any porters to carry our loads. Part of



A SIKH SOLDIER IN THE
B.C.A. UNIFORM
(BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW, RED)



A SIKH SOLDIER IN
FIGHTING KIT

¹ I believe to these districts the South Africa Company have now added the Mpezeni district and the Luangwa districts. The capital of the latter is Fort Jameson.

² Nyaserera though he ruled Yao and identified himself much with the Yao cause, was in reality a Mlolo from the countries west of Lake Chilwa. The A-lolo are closely related to the Makua and speak nearly the same language.

the way we had to travel through Nyaserera's country, and between bands of sullen-looking warriors on either side of the narrow path. They would probably have attacked us but that an escort of Sikhs had come out to meet us from Fort Lister.



A SIKH SOLDIER IN
FIGHTING KIT

At this place I held meetings with many chiefs, and endeavoured to detach from Nyaserera his relations and allies; and this diplomacy proved so far successful that when later on Lieut. Edwards arrived from Fort Johnston he had only Nyaserera to fight, and subdued him after a brief campaign.

Later in the year further troubles broke out in the Mlanje district, with the chief Mkanda, whose subjects had been concerned in recent road robberies, and who was continually kidnapping women for the slave trade. I took advantage of the arrival of the second detachment of 100 Sikhs to bring Mkanda to his senses, but I thought at first it would be sufficient for him to be made aware that the Sikhs were encamped in the plain on their way to Fort Lister, while the collector of the Mlanje district (Mr. Bell) visited Mkanda in the mountains with a small escort and delivered an ultimatum, to which I believed Mkanda would submit. Mkanda, however, was very insolent, and his men commenced attacking Mr. Bell's escort. To protect themselves in retreating the escort set fire to some houses and loose stacks of grass for thatching, and succeeded in reaching the main force encamped in the plain. They then communicated with Captain Johnson at Fort Lister,

and awaited instructions as to further procedure. Mkanda took advantage of this temporary inaction to attack the Scotch Mission station on the borders of his territory. The missionaries took to flight and Mkanda's men gutted and burnt most of the houses, and succeeded in carrying off several guns and a quantity of ammunition. Fortunately the uprising spread no farther, and the other Yao chiefs did not join in, though Matipwiri sent out skirmishers to see what he could do in the way of highway robbery.

Mkanda's men also intercepted and slew several Atonga labourers on their way to a European plantation, but after several days' hard fighting among the crags and precipices of Mlanje, Captain Johnson succeeded in capturing all Mkanda's positions, and Mkanda fled.

His near relation Kada, who had remained on our side during this struggle, succeeded him in the chieftainship. Most of his people returned when peace was made, and were allowed to settle in the plains instead of amongst the



SIKH SOLDIER IN UNDRRESS

mountains. Mkanda himself eventually made terms with us and returned to his country. So did Nyaserera, who, strange to say, is now one of our greatest friends.

It was perhaps just as well that this outbreak occurred when it did, as it prevented Mkanda attacking us when all our forces were subsequently engaged in the Makanjira expedition. For this expedition I had been continually preparing since the death of Captain Maguire. I had succeeded in getting the gunboats placed on Lake Nyasa and the Upper Shire. These vessels were now completed, and in the summer of 1893 Admiral Bedford,¹ Commander-in-chief on the Cape Station, had paid me a visit at Zomba, and had proceeded with me to Lake Nyasa to witness the launching of the two gunboats and to inspect the already completed vessel for the Upper Shire.

I had discussed the need for this expedition with Mr. Rhodes when



COLLECTOR'S HOUSE AT FORT LISTER

visiting Capetown, and he had agreed in addition to the ordinary subsidies of the Company to find £10,000² for increasing the police force in order to grapple with Makanjira and subdue him. This aid had enabled us to obtain an additional 100 Sikhs from India, who came out under the command of Lieut. W. H. Manning.³ It was high time we moved because our faithful ally Jumbe was almost at his last gasp. A certain Yao headman of Jumbe's named Chiwaura had been encouraged by Makanjira to rebel, and with the assistance of Makanjira's men had defeated Jumbe and forced him to retire to his capital. Chiwaura had built a very strong town about five miles inland from Kotakota, with high loopholed walls of red clay, and an inner citadel surrounded by trees of great girth. Except on one side Chiwaura's town was surrounded by an impassable marsh, a swamp which it was almost impossible to cross.

Accordingly we decided first of all to relieve Jumbe before proceeding against Makanjira directly. The African Lakes Company's boats *Domira* and *Ilala* were chartered to convey the troops, while some of the officers

¹ Now Sir Frederick Bedford, K.C.B.

² Of which sum over £4,000 were spent and the balance returned to Mr. Rhodes.

³ Now Captain Manning and second in command of the B. C. A. forces.

and myself travelled on the gunboats which were under the direction of Commander Robertson, R.N. The officers consisted of Captain Johnson, Lieut. Edwards, Dr. Watson, and a volunteer in the person of Mr. Glave, who had come out to Central Africa to study these countries on behalf of the *Century*, an American magazine.¹ Mr. Alfred Sharpe also accompanied the expedition.



CAPT. W. H. MANNING

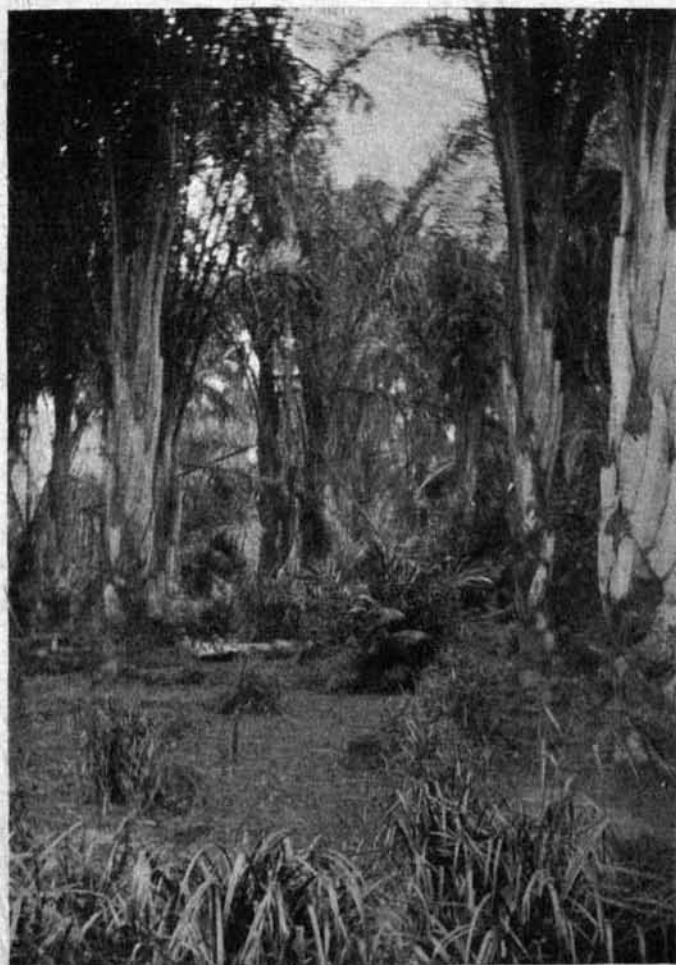
Our terms were rejected by Chiwaura who felt illimitable confidence in his clay walls, not realising that his town was absolutely at the mercy of a bombardment. It lay in a marshy plain within 700 yards of the precipitous cliffs of a little plateau. The approach to this plateau was not defended by Chiwaura, though he might have made it very difficult for our forces to get there except with great loss of men; but without other difficulties than those attending transport on men's heads, we succeeded in planting our 7-pounder guns on the edge of the aforementioned cliffs. From this position we shelled Chiwaura, and the main town was soon in flames. The people retired to the inner citadel, which was not in the same way destructible, since the shells burst harmlessly in the adjoining forest. The enemy after a while called for a truce, but *more*

Africano employed this interval in the hostilities to strengthen his defences, and when he was ready to begin again he announced the fact by firing on our soldiers when they approached the walls under cover of the truce. In fact in African warfare the hoisting of a white flag really means, "I want a breathing spell," and when both sides are rested they go on again without troubling themselves to announce the cessation of the truce.

Jumbe had put 4,000 men under arms and had accompanied us to the scene of the fight, where he remained the whole of the time with his head wives. Jumbe though old and feeble was not lacking in bravery, and would willingly have risked his life against Chiwaura had I not held him back, but Jumbe's commander was by no means a rash man. He was gaudily dressed in scarlet cloth and had innumerable charms hung about him to dispel ill-luck, but he was very much afraid of coming to close quarters with the enemy. During the truce we would watch with amusement this great mass of several thousand men surge across the quarter of a mile of plain which lay between us and Chiwaura's town, but as soon as a gun was discharged from the ramparts by the enemy, Jumbe's commander would shout "Tamanga! tamanga!" (Run! run!), and the whole four thousand would surge back to the base of the cliffs. At last the afternoon was drawing towards evening, and the enemy showed no disposition to yield. Jumbe's people were beginning to doubt whether the white man was equal to taking such a place as Chiwaura's. It was necessary to show them that not only could we set a place on fire at a distance of half a mile through our shells, but if incumbent on us we could come to close quarters and take a town by

¹ Mr. Glave was an Englishman who had served with Stanley on the Congo. He subsequently journeyed through British Central Africa to the Congo Free State, thence down the Congo to the vicinity of the Atlantic Ocean, where he unfortunately died of fever before he proceeded on board the ocean-going steamer.

assault, even at the risk of losing lives in so doing. Accordingly Captain Johnson gave orders for a general assault, and with about seventy Sikhs and thirty Makua dashed across the plain through the ruined precincts of the outer town and up to the high wall of the inner citadel, over which he and the other officers and the Sikhs swarmed and scrambled. The first Sikh



THE RAPHIA PALM MARSH BEHIND CHIWAURA'S

who succeeded in climbing to the top of the wall, which was about eight feet high, and began to haul up his comrades, was shot dead. Otherwise there were no casualties on our part but severe wounds. Once the troops had got on the top of this high wall of the citadel the enemy were completely at their mercy and huddled together in a seething mass below. Appalled at the idea of the slaughter that must ensue from continual firing, Captain Johnson gave the order "cease firing." This leniency on his part was taken

by the enemy for sudden fear, and a furious fusillade was opened on our men by which several more were wounded. Then with or without order our guns went off, and numbers of the enemy were shot down. The bulk of them, however, including Chiwaura, scrambled over the further wall and dropped into the marsh below, where a good many of them were drowned. Chiwaura himself was shot as he was running away, and fell dead into the marsh. The citadel was then entered by our men, and hundreds of women were found cooped up in the houses, many of them in slave sticks. They were set free and directed to proceed to Kotakota, where many of them had their homes.¹ That same night our forces returned to Kotakota. The next two days were spent in levelling the walls of Chiwaura's town.

We then decided to proceed down the south-west shore of the lake, part of us going overland and the remainder on the gunboats and steamers to the Rifu peninsula, which was strongly held by Makanjira, whose relation Kuluunda, a famous woman chief amongst the Yao, had displaced Kazembe, our ally and her nephew. Whilst attacking Kazembe's old town (Kazembe himself had joined us with a few men remaining faithful to him) we received information that a dau had just crossed from Makanjira's with seventy fighting men on board, and a large quantity of gunpowder, and would probably land in "Leopard Bay." H.M.S. *Pioneer* was dispatched thither under the command of Lieut. Villiers, R.N. Although the *Pioneer* did not succeed in preventing the dau from reaching the shore she fired into her and disabled her so that she stranded on the rocks. But Makanjira's men succeeded in escaping to the hill overlooking Leopard Bay where they were joined by the defeated enemy who had been driven out of Kazembe's town. The situation was further complicated by the arrival of a large Arab slave-trading caravan, commanded by four or five white Arabs and containing several hundred slaves. The Arabs joined their forces to those of Kuluunda and Makanjira, and for several days we besieged these people by land and water round the lofty hill which overlooks Leopard Bay. Eventually the Arabs of the slave caravan, Kuluunda, and most of her followers were captured or surrendered; but meantime a force of Jembe's men was left to continue the siege of the hill while our Sikhs, Makua, and 300 of Jembe's soldiers, together with Jembe himself and all the officers, were conveyed across the lake to Makanjira's main town. We had made the journey by way of Monkey Bay so as to have a short rest before embarking on the most critical part of our programme. We had timed ourselves to arrive at Makanjira's town at dawn. The enemy were taken somewhat by surprise, and we succeeded in effecting a landing on the sandy promontory to the south of Makanjira's huge straggling metropolis of many thousand huts and houses without meeting with any serious resistance. This promontory was separated from the town by a strip of low-lying swampy country. After entrenching ourselves in a camp the bulk of our forces started with Captain Johnson, Lieut. Edwards, and Mr. Glave to try conclusions with Makanjira's forces, while the town was shelled over their heads by Mr. Sharpe from the camp and from the two gunboats which steamed along the shore. The *Pioneer* found

¹ Not a few of these poor women were far gone with child, and the terror of the bombardment so upset them that on the way to Kotakota woman after woman sat down by the way and gave birth to a child, which she straightway abandoned in her panic fear of Chiwaura's pursuit. It was a quaint though touching sight to see the Sikh soldiers gravely gathering up the new-born babes and carrying them with their many other burdens of rifle and kit into Kotakota, where they were afterwards impartially distributed among the various women who claimed to be recently parturient. Never in any historical tale or Gilbertian burlesque were babies so hopelessly "mixed."

one of Makanjira's daus drawn up in a narrow creek near to or at the place where Captain Maguire had been killed. In spite of a heavy fire from the enemy this dau was attached by a hawser to the gunboat,¹ and towed out into the lake.²

After about five hours' fighting Makanjira's forces gave up the struggle and disappeared. We then had at our mercy his many villages. Several times he asked for terms of peace, but apparently without any idea but to gain time. The place where Captain Maguire had been killed and Boyce and McEwan



ON THE BEACH AT MONKEY BAY

massacred was destroyed, with several other villages and towns in Makanjira's country. These extreme measures were only resorted to, however, after Makanjira had refused our terms of peace.

Kuluunda was sent as an exile to Port Herald on the Shire.³

As Makanjira would not make peace with us I had now to consider what steps should be taken to occupy his country. Some of my staff were of opinion that it would be better after destroying the towns to remove our forces, as we could always return on other occasions and prevent any attempt on the part of Makanjira to rebuild; but my own views were different. It seemed to me

¹ This deed was accomplished by Hajji Askar, a Persian, who was an interpreter on board the *Pioneer*.

² It now plies to and fro across the lake under the British flag conveying natives over the Government ferry.

³ In 1896 she was allowed to return to her country on the promise of good behaviour.

that the expeditions against Makanjira would have to be annual unless we permanently occupied his country. I therefore decided to leave Major Edwards behind with a large force of Sikhs to build a strong fort near the place where Captain Maguire had been killed. This fort was then named "Fort Maguire."

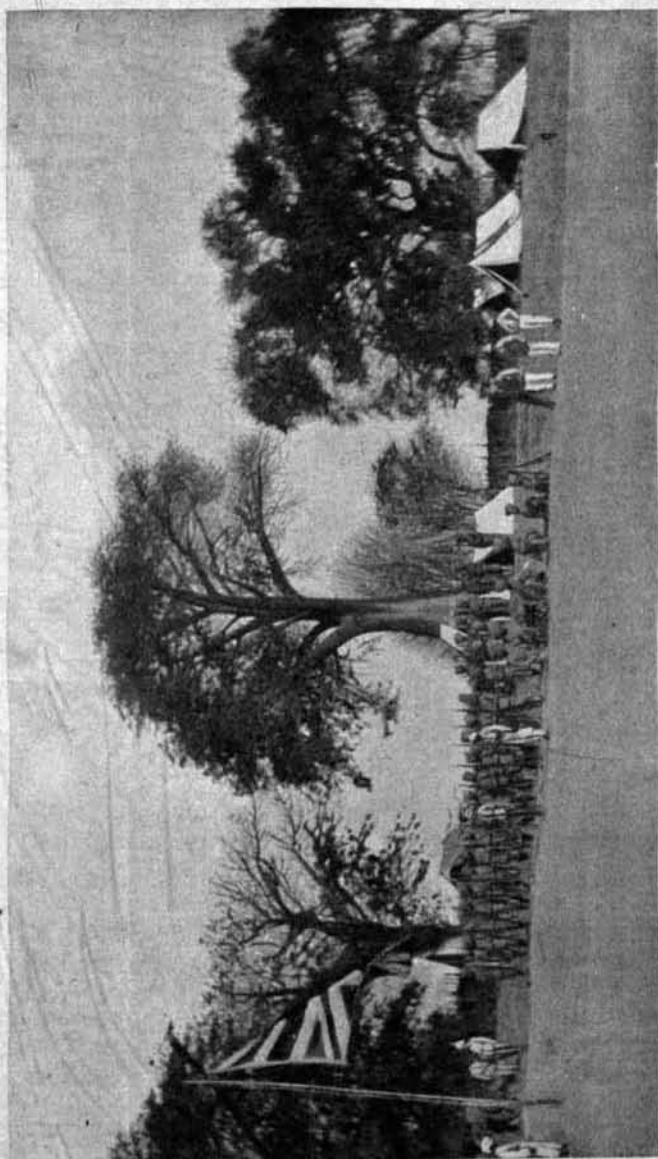
Having chosen the site and seen the British flag hoisted with great ceremony I returned to Zomba and spent the winter in attending to the civil organisation of the Protectorate. At the beginning of 1894 Makanjira attacked Fort Maguire and the surrounding villages with a large force of men, but was defeated with great loss by Captain Edwards, who soon after succeeded Captain Johnson as the senior officer in command of the B.C.A. forces.



ONE OF MAKANJIRA'S CAPTURED DAUS AT MONKEY BAY

Early in this year Mr. Harry, who had been lent by the Postmaster-General of Cape Colony (Mr. French) for a year to organise our Postal Service, returned to Cape Town, and his place was taken by Mr. J. E. McMaster (now Vice-Consul at Chinde), who has been a most efficient Postmaster-General.

In April, 1894, I returned to England for a much-needed holiday, Mr. Sharpe conducting the administration of the country during my absence. Besides reasons of health which necessitated this return, the time had come when the development of the Protectorate required its administration to be placed on a thoroughly sound basis, and the period during which the South Africa Company had agreed to contribute towards the cost of its administration being near expiration it would be necessary for Her Majesty's Government to consider the financial provision which was needed for the future maintenance



THE HOISTING OF THE FLAG AT FORT MAGUIRE

of the Protectorate. The summer and autumn of 1894 were spent in making these arrangements, the results of which were that the Civil Service was henceforth efficiently organised, and the South Africa Company's subsidies were devoted to the administration of the Company's own territory; the direct administration of which was taken over from me by the Company in 1895. The Imperial Government repaid to the South Africa Company and to Mr. Rhodes a proportion of the sums spent on the defence and development of the Protectorate.

The Civil Service of the Protectorate and the Postal Service were put on a satisfactory footing. A postage stamp¹ was designed and issued. Arrangements were made for taking over the lake gunboats from the Admiralty and working them henceforth by the Administration of the Protectorate.

Freed from all future anxieties concerning finance I started for India to



THE BEACH AT MAKANJIRA'S (PRESENT SITE OF FORT MAGUIRE)

settle the question of the Indian contingent on a definite basis with the Indian authorities.

A very satisfactory arrangement was come to, lasting six years, which permits of our employing as many as 200 Sikhs from the Indian Army in British Central Africa.

I left India on the 1st of April, 1895, and reached Chinde on the 19th of that month, and Zomba on the 4th of May. I found that during my absence everything had proceeded smoothly until the early spring of 1895, when the Yao chief Kawinga, whose attitude had long been threatening, had attempted a very serious attack on the British Protectorate. He had felt his way by first raiding the villages of a chief named Malemia, in whose territory the Church of

¹ The design for this was slightly altered of late and differently printed, but remains practically the same as that devised in 1894. It consists of the Coat of Arms of the Protectorate (which is on the cover of this book). This Coat of Arms was designed by me, with the assistance and advice of Sir Albert Woods. It may be described as a shield sable, with a pile or, and over all a fimbriated cross argent, bearing an inescutcheon gules on which is imprinted the Royal Arms in or. The shield is poised on an outspread map of Africa; supporters, two negroes, one carrying a pick and the other a shovel; crest, a coffee-tree in full bearing; motto, "Light in darkness." Put in plain language the shield is intended to illustrate our three colours, black, yellow, and white, with a touch of the English red. Into the sable mass of Africa I have driven a pile (wedge) of Indian yellow. Over all is the white cross, representing in its best significations the all-embracing white man. The inescutcheon of English red shows the Arms of the protecting Power. The motto, "Light in darkness," was the suggestion of the late Sir Percy Anderson.

Scotland Mission was established. Mr. Sharpe sent a small force of Sikhs and Atonga under Corporal William Fletcher, and an Atonga sergeant named Bandawe, to defend Malemia's principal village where the Scotch missionaries were.

This expedition, which only consisted of six Sikhs and a few Atonga, built a "boma"¹ to protect themselves against any sudden attack from Kawinga. It was fortunate they did so, because a day or two afterwards he descended on them with 2,000 men, many of them recruited from amongst the warlike Anguru of the countries east of Lake Chilwa. It appears that Kawinga, in alliance with Zarafi and Matipwiri, had really resolved on attempting to drive the British out of the Shire Highlands. An attack was first to be made on the unarmed Mission stations at Domasi. Their men, whetted with success, would then feel the necessary courage to attack the Residency at Zomba. Having captured this and possibly succeeded in murdering the Commissioner, the forces of Zarafi and Kawinga would advance on Blantyre, whilst



THREE OF MAKANJIRA'S CAPTURED DAUS (FORT MAGUIRE)

Matipwiri sweeping through the Mlanje district, would unite his forces to theirs, and the Yao then counted on taking possession of the gunboats at Chiromo. Zarafi had sent his son and some of his fighting men to assist in the preliminary attack on Domasi.

War with Kawinga was always felt, since our abortive attack on his positions in 1891, to be a serious affair not lightly to be encountered. We had therefore put up with a great deal of robberies, outrages and slave kidnapping on the part of Kawinga without renewing the war with him till we had larger forces at our disposal. Mr. Sharpe therefore at first intended to do no more than guard the approaches to the main station at Domasi,² though he made preparations for assembling as large a force of Sikhs and Atonga as were available.

Kawinga's aggressive action however got no farther than "Fletcher's boma." This trumpery little fort was so splendidly defended by the Sikhs

¹ Boma is a Swahili word meaning "a fence," "a stockade." It is a term which has come into general use in British Central Africa, and is often applied to Government stations, most of which were at first provided with some such defence.

² Domasi station was defended by Mr. S. Hewitt-Fletcher, 2nd Accountant to the British Central Africa Administration. Some confusion arose between the two Fletchers in the subsequent newspaper descriptions.

and the Atonga that the Yao again and again recoiled before the well-directed rifle fire. At last the ammunition on the side of the British was giving out, and in spite of the heavy losses amounting to over a hundred men on the part of the enemy it looked as though the defence must come to an end. At this juncture a reinforcement of Atonga was seen to be arriving, brought up by two planters, Messrs. Hynde and Starke. Bandawe proposed to Fletcher that they should charge the demoralised enemy who were already aware of the approach of reinforcements. Accordingly the defenders sallied out from the fort firing their last volleys. The Yao broke and fled, and were pursued for miles by the Sikhs and Atonga. Many prisoners were captured by Malemia's men, who had hitherto decidedly "sat on the fence," apparently ready, had Kawinga prevailed, to side with the conqueror against the British.



A RURAL POST OFFICE, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

Among the prisoners taken was a son of Zarafi, whom Malemia caused to be beheaded.

Kawinga retired to his mountain of Chikala. It seemed however to Mr. Sharpe that whilst the army remained demoralised was the time to definitely bring this struggle with Kawinga to a close. At this time his reinforcements of Sikhs had arrived from Fort Johnston under the command of Lieut. Hamilton and Captain W. H. Manning.

Kawinga's stronghold was approached by a new route and the enemy were taken by surprise. They defended the fords of the rivers with some pertinacity, and a few casualties took place amongst our native soldiers and allies. But while the main approach to the town was still being contested

Lieut. Hamilton had entered the place with his Sikhs from another quarter and the enemy broke and fled.¹

With the subdual of Kawinga the road robberies, except in the Mlanje district, came to an end; a sense of security spread over the southern portion of the Protectorate which was quite pleasantly unfamiliar. It was felt that in a

very trying crisis Mr. Sharpe had acted with decision and promptitude and without flurry, and many of the European settlers expressed the sense of obligation which they felt towards Mr. Sharpe.

In other respects the record of the Protectorate during my absence in England had been singularly peaceful. By negotiations which Mr. Sharpe had commissioned Major Edwards to undertake, a civil war that had long raged between the Angoni chiefs Chikusi and Chifisi was brought to a close.²

Mr. Sharpe returned to England on leave of absence, and Major Edwards and myself began to make steady preparations for the inevitable campaign against Zarafi, a campaign rendered absolutely necessary because this chief finding that he was not visited with war after his co-operation in the Kawinga raids, began to attack Fort Johnston. However, our plans in regard to Zarafi were temporarily postponed because Matipwiri attacked one of our



WATCH TOWER AT FORT JOHNSTON
ERECTED BY CAPTAIN C. E. JOHNSON TO WATCH ZARAFI

hill patrols in the Mlanje district, and it was obvious that this chief would renew his raids in that direction directly our forces were engaged with Zarafi.

I was at Chiromo when the news came of Matipwiri's hostility. I therefore

¹ Kawinga has subsequently made peace with us, and though not allowed to return to Chikala he is stationed on British territory. Chikala Mountain is now guarded by a fort. As an instance of the rapid way in which the negro accepts the results of an appeal to force, and his want of rancour, I may state these facts: that when in 1896 we proceeded against Zarafi Kawinga did his very best to help us, giving as his reason for so doing "that he had been well beaten by the British; it was now time that Zarafi had a licking." Kawinga's son provided us with guides who led us along the best route to Zarafi's country, and Kawinga sent with me a special bodyguard of Yao who were charged to look after my personal safety, and who certainly did their best in this respect.

² In this war Chikusi, who was a very ill-conditioned young fellow, had been the aggressor, and the way in which he was almost compelled to make peace with Chifisi left a certain amount of rancour in his mind against the British, which ill-feeling finally culminated in his attacking the British Protectorate in the autumn of 1896, in his defeat, and death. In our counter attack on Chikusi we had the entire support of Chifisi and his men.



A SIKH SERGEANT-MAJOR OF THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA CONTINGENT

started for Mlanje where I arranged to rendezvous with Major Edwards. We made very careful preparations and suddenly fell on Matipwiri, travelling all night over the distance which separated his principal town from Fort Lister. His men made but a feeble stand and Matipwiri and his brother Kumtiranjanja¹ fled to Tundu hill, where they made their last stand. From this position they were driven off by Captain the Hon. W. E. Cavendish and Lieut. Coape-Smith, and large supplies of war material were abandoned

¹ The more powerful chief of the two.

in their flight and captured by Captain Cavendish. Subsequently both Matipwiri and Kuntiramanja were taken prisoners by Lieut. Coape-Smith. A fort was built in their country and Matipwiri's former subjects settled down very contentedly under our rule, and the country has since been perfectly peaceful. This settlement was rendered all the easier because Matipwiri, like most of the Yao chiefs, was a usurper, and not a native of the district in which he had established himself. Many of his subjects belonged to the A-lolo stock and spoke a language akin to Makua.

From the hills in Matipwiri's country we were able to look out eastwards



NATIVE SOLDIERS, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

over a most wonderful country hitherto untraversed by any white man, but within the Portuguese Sphere of Influence. We could see splendid ranges of mountains almost as high as Mlanje—that is to say, reaching in parts to an altitude of 8,000 feet. When the interior of Portuguese East Africa is opened up this A-lolo country should become a great resort of European planters, as it is very fertile and admirably well watered.

In the Matipwiri expedition we had for the first time tried our new military organisation, especially in regard to the Native levies, and we were greatly encouraged by the results and proceeded with some confidence on the expedition against Zarafi. This expedition was brought to a completely successful result after a week's fighting in which we lost our best Sikh non-commissioned officer. The heights of Mangoche Mountain were successfully taken by storm, the lost 7-pounder cannon was recovered, and Zarafi fled far to the eastward into

Portuguese East Africa, where of course we were unable to follow him. A fort was planned on the site of Zarafi's town, and was subsequently built by Lieut. Alston. We then proceeded to try conclusions with Mponda, who after several years of doubting had at last decided to renew his struggle with us and had retired to a strong place, Mauni, in the mountains of the Cape Maclear peninsula. Major Edwards started with a strong force for Mauni, but Mponda at the last moment deemed discretion to be the better part of valour, and, eluding the force sent against him, came down in a canoe to Fort Johnston and surrendered to me. As much bloodshed was saved by this act of Mponda's I dealt as leniently with him as possible, and secured to him his personal property, though I deemed it necessary to send him away from his country for a time as his presence was so obnoxious to the mass

of the population which of late years had placed themselves under the British. Mponda, like most of the other chiefs in the southern part of the Protectorate, was of Yao origin, and the bulk of his subjects were A-nyanja.

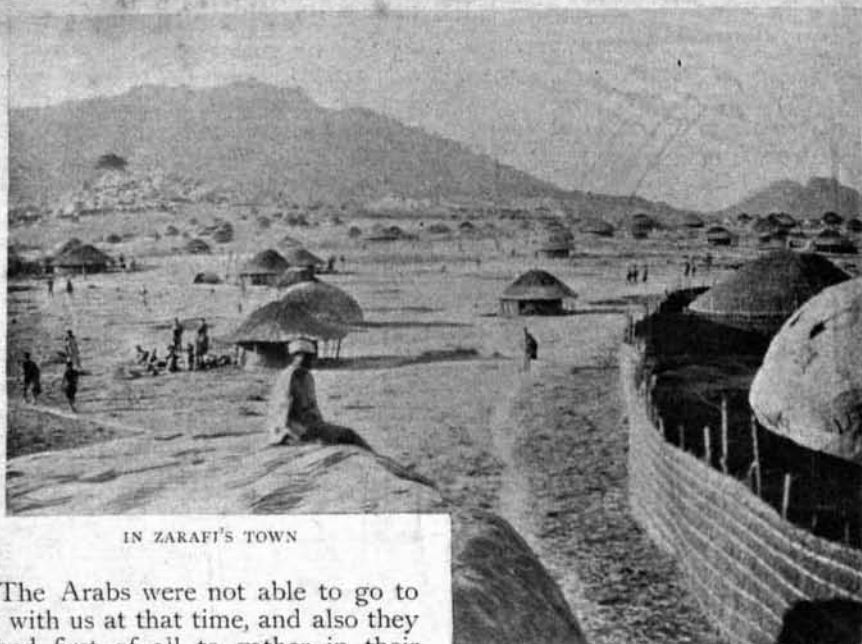
Major Edwards now advanced against Makanjira who of late had renewed his raids into British territory and had founded a new capital in the hills, just over the British side of the border, and about ten miles from the south-east coast of Lake Nyasa. This town was taken and destroyed by Lieut. Coape-Smith. Makanjira's forces were completely routed and fled in disorder into Portuguese territory.

On my return to Fort Johnston from Zarafi's I received letters from Karonga at the north end of Lake Nyasa and from Mr. Crawshaw, the Vice-Consul at Deep Bay, informing me that the situation at the north end of the lake was serious, as Mlozi and the Arabs were now raiding in all directions for slaves, and openly announced their intention of fighting the British as soon as the rainy season began. Mlozi had captured and severely flogged a lay missionary named Stevens; he had even threatened the Free Church Mission station near Fife on the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, and Dr. Cross, a medical missionary, had been obliged to proceed to that place to bring away the wife of the missionary through German territory.

Mlozi had amongst other things attacked the populous villages of the Awa-wandia, and besides slaughtering many of the men had carried off women and children to his stronghold. He had concluded an alliance with the powerful Awemba tribe to the west, and it was obvious that unless we moved first he would soon be attacking Karonga with an overwhelming force. I may state here parenthetically that since my return from England I had in July, 1895, made a special journey to the north end of Lake Nyasa to see Mlozi and persuade him to keep the peace according to the original treaty concluded by him in 1889; but on arriving at Karonga Mlozi had flatly refused to see me, and had even written me a very threatening letter, in the course of which he remarked, "The British have closed my route to the coast: very well, I will close their road to Tanganyika."



AN ATONGA SOLDIER



IN ZARAFI'S TOWN

The Arabs were not able to go to war with us at that time, and also they wished first of all to gather in their crops. They knew besides that the Europeans fought at a disadvantage in the rainy season, and it was evident if we did not take steps to reduce the Arab power before the end of December they would attack us in January with many chances in their favour.

Accordingly with some reluctance I resolved to continue our campaigns on Lake Nyasa by an expedition against the Arabs. Our little force had by this time been nicknamed the "ever victorious army." We had now 400 men (100 Sikhs and 300 natives) on whom we could place absolute reliance, and the force had been strengthened by the advent of several volunteer officers. The officers on the staff consisted of Major C. A. Edwards; Captain F. T. Stewart;¹ Captain the Honble. W. E. Cavendish; Lieut. H. Coape-Smith; Lieut. G. de Herries Smith; and Lieut. Alston;² Dr. Wordsworth Poole and Sergeant-Major Devoy.

It was essential that the Arabs should be taken by surprise; that we should fall on them with all our available force and surround their strongholds before they could escape to the interior, for they might prefer to run away instead of fighting out the struggle, which they could renew at a more convenient season. Therefore, our most important problem was how to transport 400 men, seven officers and the necessary munitions of war in one trip. The gunboats would only carry about fifteen men each and a similar proportion of our stores; the African Lakes Company's steamer *Domira* could not take much more than

¹ Who with Captain Cavendish was left to watch Makanjira and Zarafi.

² The Volunteers were Major L. Bradshaw (of the 35th Sikhs), Major F. C. Trollope (Grenadier Guards), and last, but not least, Mr. Walter Gordon Cumming. These gentlemen served in the autumn campaign of 1895 without pay and at their own expense. Major Trollope and Mr. Gordon Cumming were visiting the country for the purposes of sport. Major Bradshaw, who was a brother officer of Major Edwards, and assisted us when in India to recruit Sikhs, was very anxious to study the question of Indian soldiers fighting in Africa, and had obtained leave of absence so that he might join our campaign.

100 men. I bethought myself of the German steamer the *Wissmann*, which was fortunately at that moment lying off Fort Johnston. I had an interview with her Commander, Captain Berndt, and relying on him as a man of honour, communicated my plans to him, and asked whether I could hire the German steamer to carry them out. He at once assented and proposed terms which were generous financially as they provided merely for the working expenses of the steamer. I may say here that my plans were kept absolutely secret by Captain Berndt, and that no hint reached the Arabs as to our intentions.

Major Edwards and I made a hasty journey to Zomba for final preparations and the expedition left Fort Johnston on the 24th of November, 1895. On the way to the north end of the lake Major Edwards fell ill, so that when we landed at Karonga I was temporarily deprived of the services of my commander-in-chief, who for a few days was obliged to lie up. But his plans had been so well



DEEP BAY STATION

laid that they were carried out without a hitch by Lieut. Coape-Smith, who succeeded him temporarily in the command. Major Bradshaw was also an invalid, but fortunately both he and Major Edwards recovered in time to take part in the final assault on Mlozi's stockade. Our plan of campaign was this:¹ Mlozi's stockaded town was situated about eleven miles inland from Karonga, the station of the African Lakes Company on the shore of Lake Nyasa. About six miles inland from Karonga were the stockades of Msalemu and Kopakopa which guarded the ford of the River Rukuru. Mlozi's town was in the plain near the south bank of the River Rukuru. It was overlooked by a ridge of hills to the south which ran transversely to the course of the river. The Arab road from Kopakopa's stockade to Mlozi's ran through a pass in these hills, and this low range on the side of the pass nearest the river terminated in a rather high house-shaped hill which it was possible to climb to the summit, and where guns could be planted. Our idea was to send out about 300 men and a number of

¹ In drawing up this plan at Zomba Major Edwards and I were greatly helped by the notes and maps of Mlozi's stockade which had been made for us by Dr. Kerr Cross and Major Trollope.

officers under the command of Lieut. Coape-Smith, who should proceed by a circuitous course northwards till they came opposite Mlozi's town, with the River Rukuru running in between. This march should be undertaken at night and the River Rukuru forded in the darkness, opposite the house-shaped hill, which eminence was to be seized and garrisoned by one division under Major Trollope. Lieut. Coape-Smith was then to place a section of his force under Lieut. Alston to guard the approach to the River Rukuru from Mlozi's town. A further division under Mr. Gordon Cumming was to pass round to the back of Mlozi's town and take up a position to the west of it. Major Trollope's force by occupying the house-shaped hill would command the pass through which the road to Kotakota passed, and thus be able to cut off Mlozi's retreat in that direction. Mr. Walter Gordon Cumming's force would be able to check his flight westward and Lieut. Alston prevent him from crossing the

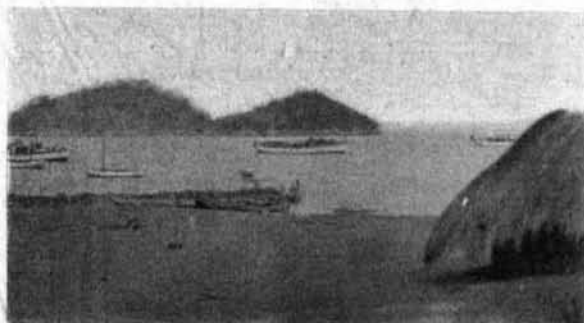


MLOZI, CHIEF OF THE NORTH NYASA ARABS

River Rukuru to the Tanganyika road. Having posted these three divisions in the darkness of the night Lieut. Coape-Smith was to return along the banks of the river to Kopakopa's, and meet me there at eight o'clock in the morning; for I in the meantime should have started with the naval division and a force of Sikhs under Lieut. de Herries Smith and have attacked, and presumably mastered Kopakopa and Msalemu. Lieut. Coape-Smith accordingly left Karonga at eight o'clock at night on the 1st of December, and although it was raining cats and dogs and the night was pitch dark he carried out the whole of the operations entrusted to him without a single mistake or deviation, and punctually turned up at Kopakopa at eight o'clock next morning. I left at five o'clock in the morning of the 2nd of December with a strong force of artillery under Commander Percy Cullen, R.N.R. (the senior naval officer on Lake Nyasa), and accompanied by Lieut. Rhoades and Phillips (of the Lake Nyasa gunboats); the petty officers of the said gunboats; Sergeant-Major Devoy; Dr. Poole; and Lieut. Herries Smith who commanded the Sikhs. We reached Msalemu's stockades soon after

daylight, and began to shell it. A few shots were fired by the enemy, but their resistance was soon overcome and they fled from Msalemu's and Kopakopa simultaneously, and crossed the Rukuru River. We therefore entered the stockades and took possession of them. Kopakopa however had resolved to make but little stand here and to unite his force with those of Mlozi in the defence of the latter town, where the war would really be fought out. He had therefore retreated from his stockade in the night, directly the rumour of our landing had reached him, and although he lost some of his men from the fire of Major Trollope's party he succeeded in effecting his retreat to Mlozi's.

After a short rest at Kopakopa's we marched along the Arab road to Mlozi's stockade and came up with Major Trollope's force at 1 p.m. Getting the guns into position Commander Cullen commenced a most effective fire, which would have probably burned Mlozi's town to the ground then and there but for a terribly heavy rain falling at the time. The enemy returned our fire with



THE TRANSPORTS ON THEIR WAY TO KARONGA
ARRIVING IN LIKOMA BAY, EAST NYASA

vigour but could only use against us rifles, muzzle-loading guns, and one muzzle-loading cannon. Although their firing was fairly good we kept pretty much outside their range. We sheltered ourselves in one or two outlying villages which apparently had been built for the housing of slaves. One of these settlements was within 250 yards of the main entrance of Mlozi's stockade and this we managed to occupy, with only one serious casualty. It is true we were not very well sheltered from Mlozi's fire in this position, but then the fire of his men was rather high and the bullets whistled harmlessly over our heads. We now drew the cordon tighter round Mlozi's stockade in an almost continuous ring of armed men. About 700 Wankonde people had tendered their services as carriers for our guns, and these men though unwilling to get within fire still assisted us in repelling sorties from the stockade, which, as the bombardment continued, became fiercer and more frequent.

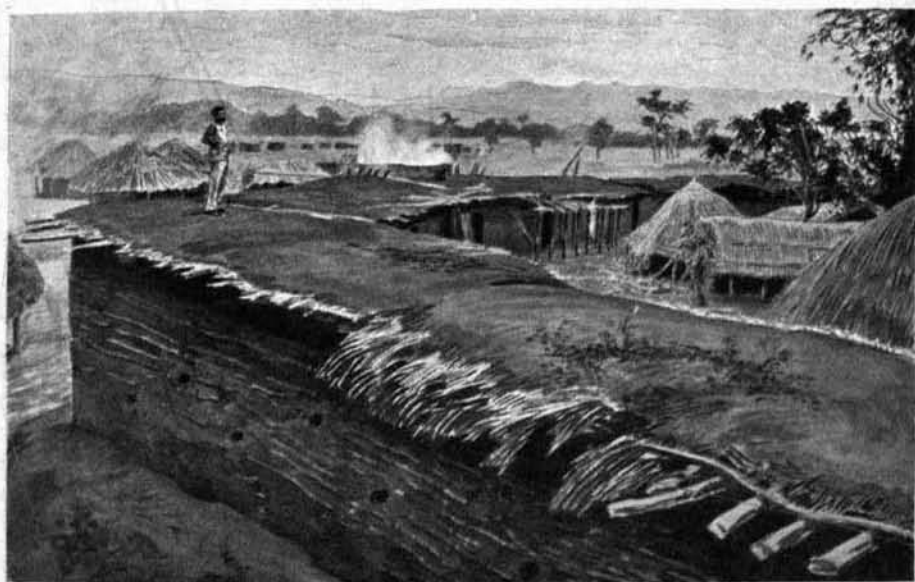
Mlozi's town was of large extent, perhaps half a square mile in area, and it was surrounded by a rather remarkable stockade which consisted of a double fence of withes thoroughly coated with hard clay and with a flat roof of wooden beams, thatch and clay. This hollow stockade was cut up by transverse partitions into innumerable dwellings. It was loopholed in two rows and pits were dug below the level of the ground for the shelter of the defenders who fired

from the upper and the lower loopholes. Here and there angles of the stockade were guarded by specially strong bastions, and in most places there was a kind of moat below the *glacis* of the stockade. At intervals small gateways had been made, their doors being of heavy hewn planks and the passages through the doorway into the town most intricate. It was an admirable stockade for the purpose as shells had no effect on it, merely making a round hole as they passed through, the resistance being too weak to cause any breach to be made by an exploding shell. Mlozi's weakness lay, however, in his not having built his stockade alongside the water from which he was separated by nearly a quarter of a mile. We had cut him off from his water supply, and although rain fell in abundance the water obtained was not sufficient for the enormous number of people cooped up in the stockade, and the cattle. Moreover within the stockade the houses were closely packed with inflammable grass roofs, and these were soon set on fire by incendiary shells. Naturally many of the people took shelter in pits below the ground; still the bombardment caused great loss of life. A *sortie en force* was made on the night of the 2nd of December, but was smartly repelled by Commander Cullen with his Nordenfolt gun.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the following day just as we had resumed our artillery fire, Mlozi hoisted a flag of truce. We ceased firing and I walked up to within a short distance of the walls to meet Mlozi who had come out of the main gateway. I was going to meet him face to face, but that one of the black sailors of the gunboats, a native of Zanzibar, warned me that he had overheard the Arabs advising Mlozi to stab me as soon as I came from under the guns of the fort and then to retreat through the open gateway. This may or may not have been Mlozi's intention. At any rate I deemed it prudent to halt him at about eight yards distance, and from this point I spoke to him. He asked what would be our terms of peace and I replied "the immediate surrender of himself and all the other Arabs and of their fighting men, and the giving up of their guns and the release of all slaves held in the fort." If he would fulfil these conditions I promised the Arabs and all their men their lives, but declined to commit myself to any other promises until I had investigated the whole case. Mlozi after some hesitation said that he would return and consult Kopakopa. Meantime two of his leading men were given to us as hostages, so that we might approach nearer to the fort and converse with the Arabs. Presently, however, an Arab—it may have been Mlozi—came out of the gateway and shouted to us that they would go on fighting; if we wanted them we must come and take them. We therefore released the hostages and allowed them to return, but before the flag of truce could be taken down Mlozi had opened fire on Lieut. Alston and on my camp. Fortunately the bullets passed through Lieut. Alston's helmet and left him uninjured, while I had just entered a hut and so escaped the fire directed at me.

I hesitated to sanction an immediate assault on the stockade as it appeared likely to result in a terrible loss of life to our men. I therefore decided it was best that we should continue the bombardment and protract the war, so as to cause Mlozi to use up much of his ammunition before we finally assaulted the stockade. But matters were precipitated by the excellence of our artillery fire. A refugee Mhenga chief, who had escaped from the stockade during the truce, pointed out to us the exact situation of Mlozi's house, the roof of which rose somewhat above the other buildings. Commander Cullen sighted a 9-pounder gun very carefully, and Sergeant-Major Devoy landed three shells

in the middle of this, one passing through the doorway and killing four men. One of the shells that burst in Mlozi's house, wounded Mlozi in the head and killed one of his followers. The rumour went about that Mlozi was dead and a furious sortie took place—a sortie which elicited from us no pity because it was almost as much an impetuous attack on our own positions. The bullets simply whistled through the air, and it was marvellous that we did not meet with more casualties; but our soldiers fought splendidly, and strange to say the timid Wankonde also came to the front and between two and three hundred of Mlozi's men were shot or speared; amongst them fell four Arabs, one of them alleged to be Kopakopa, though it would afterwards seem he was Kopakopa of Tanganyika, and not the man who had built the stockade

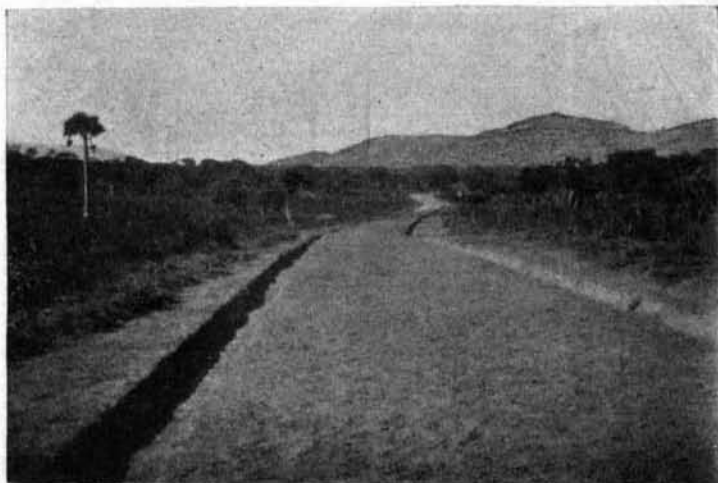


A CORNER OF MLOZI'S STOCKADE

near Karonga. The latter is said to have been severely wounded but is still living in the Senga country. Our attempts to repulse the sortie brought the Sikhs close up to the walls, and somehow or other with or without command from their officers they scaled the ramparts and stood on the roof. Lieuts. de Herries Smith and Coape-Smith were dragged up on to the roof of the stockade by the first Sikhs who had got there, and the first man to jump down into the stockade was Lieut. de Herries Smith, who immediately fell, shot through the right arm. Lieut. Coape-Smith and Mr. Gordon Cumming followed Herries Smith, lifted him up and carried him out of the Arab fire. Majors Edwards and Bradshaw had by this time arrived from Karonga, and together with Commander Cullen, Dr. Poole and myself and the other officers made for the stockade. Lieut. Alston and Major Trollope had joined the party under Coape-Smith. Edwards and Bradshaw scrambled over the walls. Commander Cullen made a breach through the doorway with axes, and he

and I passed in, having been preceded by a number of Wankonde who drove out the cattle. Night had now fallen; we had lost one Sikh and three Atonga killed, and Lieut. de Herries Smith severely wounded, besides one Sikh hospital assistant and five Sikhs and five native soldiers were more or less severely wounded.

Nothing had as yet been seen of Mlozi. Every effort had been made to protect the women, no matter whether they were the Arabs' wives or their slaves, and fortunately little or no loss of life took place amongst them. They were soon safely housed in our main camp and here they gave us valuable information as to the whereabouts of Mlozi. All search for this man in his dwelling, however, proved fruitless, and we were returning to our camp at night very disconsolate, when suddenly the rumour went up that he had been



THE NYASA-TANGANYIKA ROAD

MADE BY THE BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA ADMINISTRATION)

captured and brought in by Sergeant-Major Bandawe of the Atonga. Bandawe soon appeared leading Mlozi captive and related the remarkable feat of his capture which was as follows:—After the Sikhs and officers had given up searching Mlozi's house Bandawe had remained behind feeling certain that there was some secret hiding place. After an interval during which he remained perfectly quiet he fancied he heard voices speaking underground. In the corner of the main room was a bedstead, and under the bedstead was an opening leading to an underground chamber. Crawling under the bed Bandawe heard Mlozi asking, "Who is there?" Mimicking the voice of a Swahili, he replied "It is I, master," and descended to the underground chamber, where he found Mlozi being guarded by a man with a spear. Bandawe had no weapon with him but threw himself on the man and wrenched his spear from him which he then ran through his body. Turning to Mlozi he threatened to kill him at once unless he followed him without resistance. Mlozi who was stupid with his wound did so, and he was safely brought into the camp by Bandawe.

We had found out from some of the runaway slaves that during the

bombardment Mlozi had caused a good many of the hostages whom he had detained from the natives to be slaughtered. I therefore summoned a council of the Wankonde chiefs, and under my superintendence they tried Mlozi on this count. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. When called upon for his defence he merely said, "What is the good? These people are resolved that I shall die. My hour is come."

He was sentenced to be hanged, but it was originally intended that this sentence should be carried out at Karonga. After the trial, however, a number of Mlozi's men who were prisoners succeeded in overpowering the guard and escaping, and the rumour went about that Kapanda-nsaru's forces were at hand coming to the relief of Mlozi. As a strong flank attack on the part of the Arabs might have cut off our line of retreat to Karonga, it was resolved that Mlozi's execution should take place immediately, so that we might be released



THE NYASA-TANGANYIKA ROAD

from the responsibility of guarding him. He was accordingly hanged on the afternoon of the 4th December, in the presence of the Wankonde chiefs.

On the fourth day of the campaign we were back again at Karonga; but here we found to our great disgust that the s.s. *Domira*, contrary to my orders, had been sent away by the agent of the African Lakes Company. The departure of the officers and men was therefore delayed for some weeks. Meantime I left for the south with Major Edwards to attend to other matters that were pressing.

My three days at Mlozi's without sufficient shelter in the midst of pouring rain, without proper food and having to place my mattress on the wet ground and to drink the foul water of the early rains, had begun to make me very ill, and a few days after leaving Karonga I was down with an attack of black-water fever, in which I was most tenderly and carefully nursed by Major Edwards who conveyed me on the German steamer to Fort Johnston and thence to Liwonde, where I was joined by Dr. Poole, who eventually landed me safe and sound and recovered at Zomba. Meanwhile Lieut. Coape-Smith and Mr. Gordon

Cumming were destroying the remainder of the Arab stockades in the North Nyasa districts, and Lieut. Alston and Mr. A. J. Swann were conducting a brilliantly successful expedition in the interior of the Marimba district where the notorious Saidi Mwazungu¹ had induced the powerful chief Mwasi Kazungu to declare war against the British.

After a little fighting Saidi Mwazungu surrendered, but Mwasi declined to make peace. His capital was stormed and taken. He himself escaped, but soon afterwards committed suicide. He was of Achewa race, but was allied to the Angoni, and had under him many Angoni headmen. Originally it was intended that his attack on our positions in Jumbe's country should coincide



IN FORT HILL.

with the Arab outbreak, but the movements were not quite simultaneous and we were therefore able to deal with each in turn.

It had finally been resolved by me that the campaign should close with the driving out of two Yao robber chiefs who had settled in the Central Angoniland district—Tambala and Mpemba. Captain Stewart led an expedition into Central Angoniland which was joined by Lieut. Alston. Tambala's stronghold was captured and he himself fled. Mpemba hid in the bush but later on was made prisoner by Commander Cullen and Mr. Gordon Cumming. The latter succeeded Captain Stewart in the command of the Central Angoniland district, and did a great deal to bring it into order.

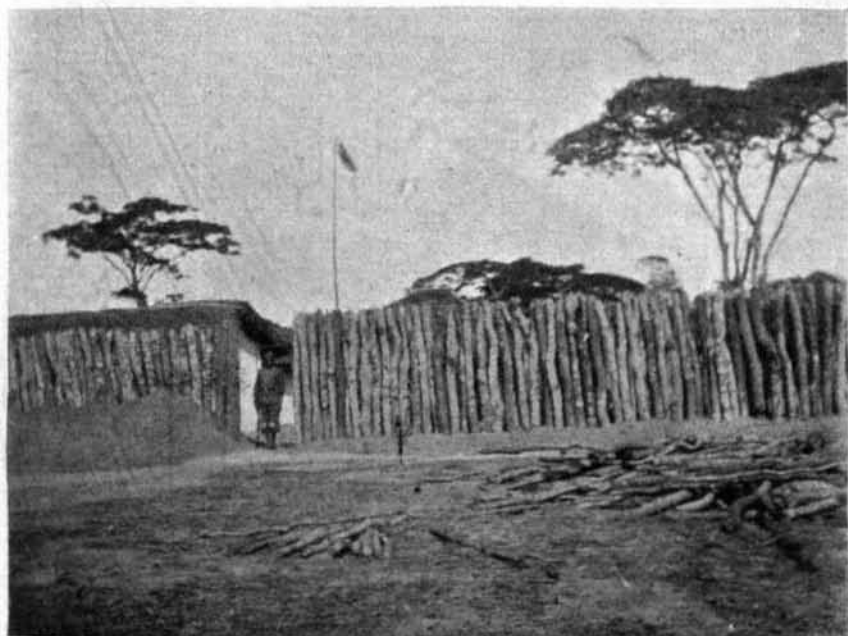
Here as elsewhere in Nyasaland we were much assisted in our campaigns by the real natives of the country who were almost always opposed to the

¹ This was the man who as before related ordered the massacre of Dr. Boyce and Mr. McEwan. After our conquest of Makanjira's country, Saidi Mwazungu fled to the west of Nyasa, and settled with Mwasi Kazungu where he was surrounded by a number of refugees from Makanjira's.

chiefs of alien origin who ruled over them and were in conflict with the British. The bulk of the inhabitants in Central Angoniland are neither Angoni nor Yao but Achewa and A-chipeta, branches of the A-nyanja stock.

At the north end of Lake Nyasa a new Administration station was built by Mr. G. A. Taylor the collector, near Karonga, and a strong fort, called Fort Hill,¹ was erected near the British South Africa Company's boundary by Mr. Yule, for the purpose of guarding the Nyasa-Tanganyika road from the raids of the Awemba.

The Awemba are a warlike race inhabiting the regions of the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau which are watered by the River Chambezi. They



THE STOCKADE, FORT HILL

originally came from the country of Itawa on the south-west coast of Tanganyika. In Livingstone's day they do not appear to have been a particularly warlike or aggressive race; but soon after they came under Arab influence and were supplied by the Arabs with guns and gunpowder, and thenceforth took to slave raiding with extraordinary zest. For several years past they had harried not only the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau at the south end of Tanganyika, but even the territory that has recently come under German influence; and of late they had been taken up by Mlozi as his special allies, and were introduced by him into the North Nyasa district from which their stragglers have been expelled since the conclusion of the Arab war. As a people, however, they are by no means indisposed to come to terms with us if they see that we are a strong power.

A strong fort was built in the spring and summer of this year by Lieut.

¹ After Sir Clement Hill, the head of the African Department at the Foreign Office.

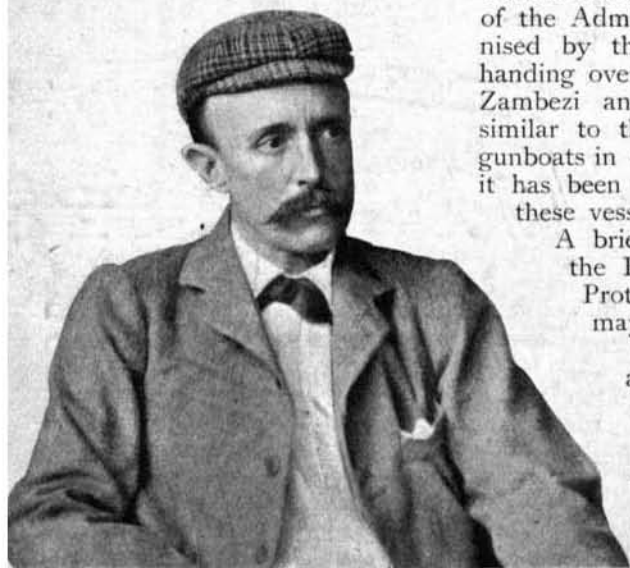
Alston on the site of Zarafi's town at Mangoche Mountain. Zarafi's former capital was situated on a neck or pass between high mountains and constituted one of the most obvious and frequented roads into British Central Africa. The boundaries of this Protectorate are so well guarded by lofty and inaccessible ranges of mountains or by broad lakes and swamps that there are not many routes by which it can be easily approached from the East Coast. The road through Zarafi's country however is so easy that it will always require to be specially guarded if the slave trade is to be stopped.

In the month of May, 1896, I had a serious relapse of bilious remittent fever which ultimately developed hæmaturic symptoms. I therefore returned to England on leave of absence, being relieved by Mr. Sharpe, who had been in England during the second half of 1895. Since my return the progress of the country has continued almost without check or interruption. Raids on the part of the southern Angoni into the south-western portion of the Protectorate occurred in the autumn of 1896, apparently as a reflex of the agitation amongst their Matabele kindred in the south. These were sharply punished by a force dispatched against the chiefs Chikusi and Odete under Captains F. T. Stewart and W. H. Manning, and Lieut. Alston. The latter had previously captured a slave-raiding chief named Katuri who lived near Fort Mangoche, and who might be described as the last unconquered adherent of the Zarafi clan. With these exceptions the tranquillity of the Protectorate has not been further disturbed. The Imperial Government has placed the British South Africa Company's forces in the adjoining Sphere of Influence under an Imperial Officer who is subordinated to the control of Lieut-Colonel Edwards, or whoever commands the armed forces in the British

Central Africa Protectorate. The efficiency of the Administration was further recognised by the Admiralty who proposed handing over to us the gunboats on the Zambezi and Lower Shire, in a way similar to the transference of the lake gunboats in 1895; but for various reasons it has been deemed preferable to retain these vessels under the White Ensign.

A brief summary of the results of the British administration of this Protectorate from 1891 to 1896 may be expressed as follows:—

At the commencement of our administration in July, 1891, there were, as far as I can calculate, fifty-seven Europeans resident in the British Central Africa Protectorate, and in the adjoining Sphere of the British South Africa Company. Of these one was French, two were Austrian Poles, and the

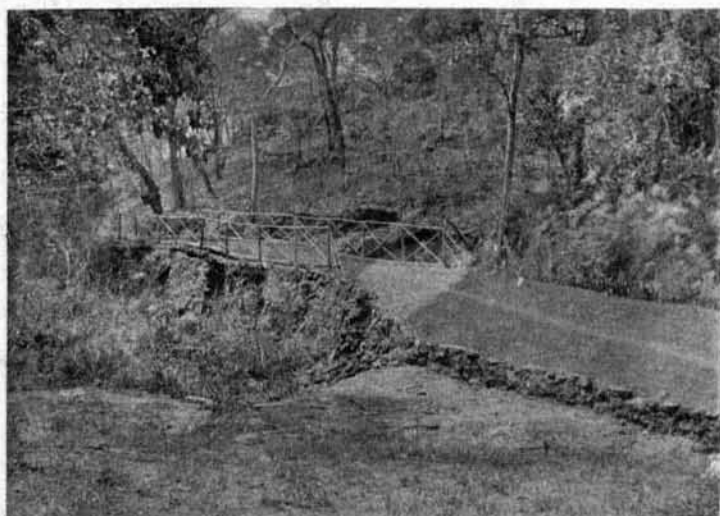


MR. ALFRED SHARPE IN 1896

remainder were British. In the summer of 1896 the European settlers in the Protectorate alone exceeded 300 in number, and probably amounted to forty-

five in the adjoining Sphere of the British South Africa Company.¹ At the time I made this calculation as to the number of the Europeans in the Protectorate, in the summer of 1896, I ascertained that 30 were non-British subjects, and consisted of 13 Germans, 8 Dutch, 1 Frenchman, 2 Italians, 5 Austro-Hungarians, and 1 Portuguese. Amongst the British subjects in the late summer of 1896 there were 119 Scotch, 123 English and Welsh, 7 Irish, 2 Australians, 23 South Africans, 1 Anglo-Indian, and 3 Eurasians. The number of Indians has risen from *nil* to 263, of whom 56 were Indian traders. All these Indians, with the exception of 14 who were natives of Portuguese India, were British-Indian subjects.

The total amount of trade done with British Central Africa in 1891, so far as I could calculate from information supplied by the African Lakes Company,



THE ZOMBA-MLANJE ROAD

was £39,965 in value. In April, 1896, the year's trade was computed at £102,428. The export of coffee in 1891 amounted to at most a few pounds. It is computed that in 1896 320 tons were shipped home from British Central Africa, and much of this coffee attained the very high prices of 113*s.* *od.* and 115*s.* *od.* a cwt.

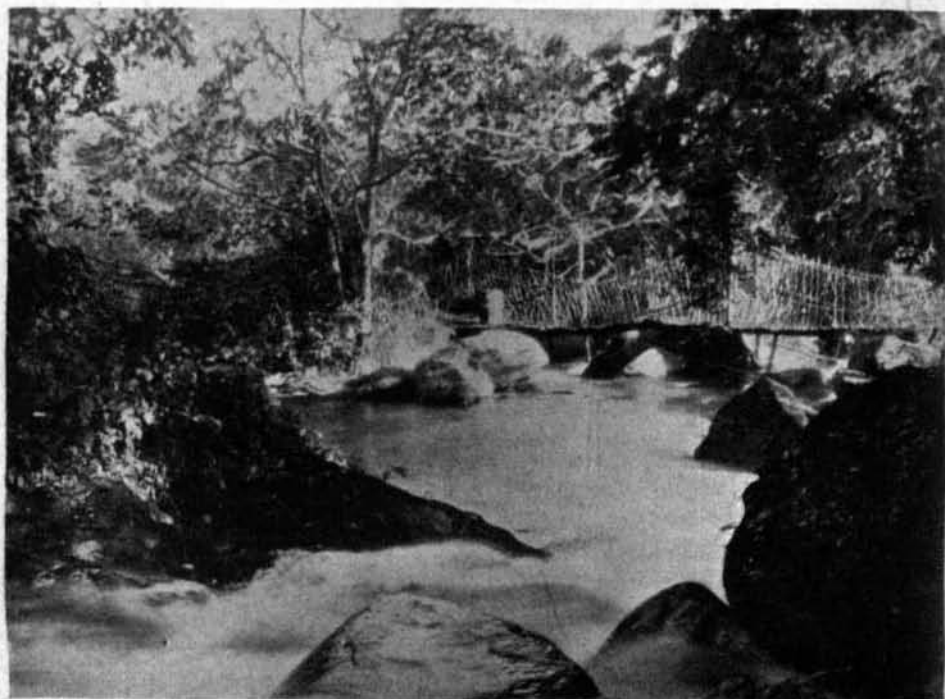
In 1891 there were four British steamers² on the Zambezi and Lower Shire (besides one steam launch owned by Mr. Sharrer), two of which were gunboats belonging to Her Majesty's Navy. There are now seventeen British steamers on the Zambezi and the Shire, and forty-six cargo boats mostly built of steel, besides innumerable small wooden boats and large cargo canoes. On Lake Nyasa and the Upper Shire the number of steamers has increased from three in 1891 to six in 1896, in addition to which there are several large sailing boats

¹ At the date of the publication of this book the number of Europeans in the *Protectorate* amounts to 315.

² In the twelve months from the 1st of January, 1895, to the 31st December, 1895, 109 steamers, 360 barges, 169 boats, and 178 large canoes entered and discharged at the British port at Chiromo on the Lower Shire.

and cargo barges. The captured daws it may be noted have been repaired by us and are now plying in the service of the Government.

There was of course no postal service in 1891, and letters were generally sent through the African Lakes Company to the Vice-Consul at Quelimane together with money for postage stamps, and this official stamped the letters with Portuguese stamps, and sent them home from the Portuguese Post Office. We commenced to establish a postal service in July, 1891. There are now eighteen Post Offices in the Protectorate, and five in the British South Africa Company's sphere, while our postal service extends from Chinde at the mouth of the Zambezi to Tanganyika, Mweru, and the Congo Free State.



A FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS THE MLUNGUSI (ZOMBA)

In the month of November, 1895, which was taken as an average month, the total number of articles carried by our postal service in the Protectorate, including letters, postcards, book packets, newspapers, and parcels, inwards and outwards, was 29,802 as compared with 25,592 in November, 1894, and 19,383 in November, 1893. Besides this we carry the mails of the German Government from Lake Nyasa to Chinde.¹ Our parcel-post service was started in 1893 and has been extended to the South African Colonies and England and to Zanzibar and Aden and India. A money order system has just been established.

Want of funds in 1894 compelled us to adopt a rather cheap and inferior

¹ In return for which the German subsidized steamers carry our correspondence between Chinde and Zanzibar.

issue of stamps, but by a grant from the Treasury we have now been able to have a thoroughly satisfactory issue engraved by Messrs. De La Rue. The design of the stamps is that of the Coat of Arms of the Protectorate. Their values are 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.*, £1, £10. They are used alike in the collection of revenue as in the payment of postal charges.

At Chinde on the British Concession there is a Post Office of Exchange, at which mails are landed from or transferred to the ocean-going steamers. Letters or other material arriving from the outer world at Chinde are sorted at this Post Office of Exchange into bags for the various postal districts in British Central Africa, and into bags for the German territories and for the Congo Free State, and are then shipped up river by the various steamers plying between Chinde and Chiromo. At Chiromo the bags are sent overland to the different Post Offices of distribution between the Lower Shire and Lake Nyasa, being carried by native postmen who wear a special uniform of scarlet and white. These men travel at the rate of 25 miles a day, and are wonderfully faithful and careful in the delivery of their precious charges. Cases have been known where postal carriers have been drowned in the crossing of flooded rivers by their obstinacy in not parting from their mail bags, and where they have fought bravely and successfully against odds in an attack by highway robbers. The negro of Central Africa has a genuine respect for the written word. Of course the time will come when attendant on the growth of civilization, native postmen will probably commit robberies of registered letters, as is occasionally done by their European colleagues; but at the present time our mails are perfectly safe in their hands.

In 1891 there was about one mile of road—that between the Mission station at Blantyre and the African Lakes Company's store—over which a vehicle could be driven. By the end of 1896 we had constructed some 390¹ miles of roads suited for wheeled traffic, while another 80 miles of broad paths have been cleared through the bush for the passage of porters and "machillas."²

Attempts in great part successful have been made to improve the navigability of the Shire by removing the snags from the approaches to Chiromo, and the sharp stones from the Nsapa Rapids on the Upper Shire; and by deepening the bar at the entrance to Lake Nyasa. Last, and not least, the Slave trade, and it may almost be added the status of Slavery, have been brought absolutely to an end. Between 1891 and 1894, 861 slaves were released by various officials of the Protectorate, and between 1894 and 1896, 1700. Native labour is now organised in such a way as to protect the interests of both the white man and the negro.

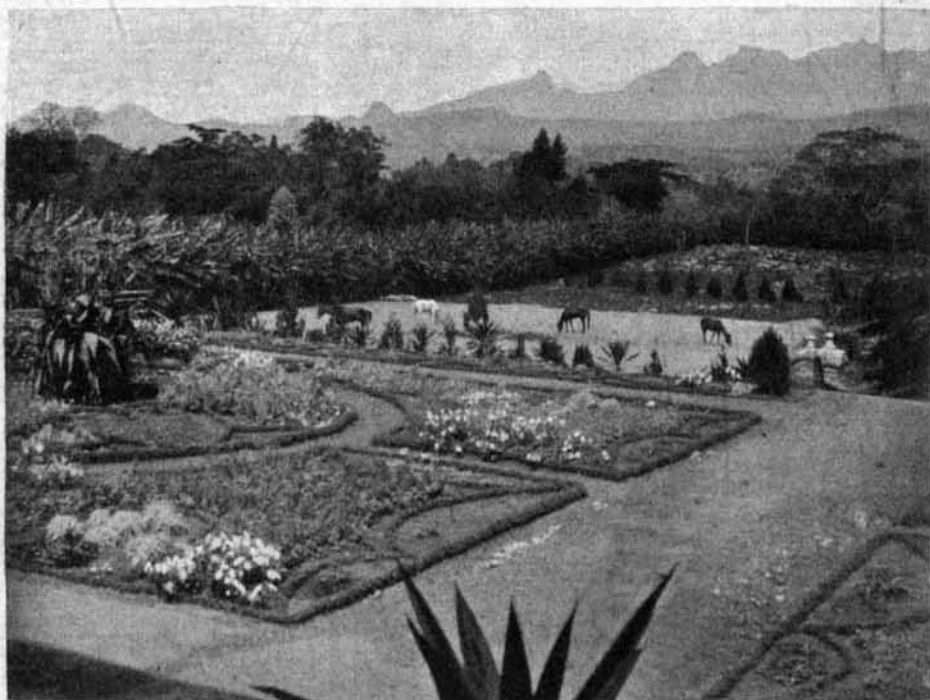
1600 acres of land were under cultivation at the hands of Europeans in 1891, as against 5700 acres in 1896.

In 1891 no coin was in circulation in the country, except to a very limited extent amongst Europeans. Transactions with natives were carried on by means of the barter of trade goods. In the three following years the use of English coinage was introduced by the Administration. We imported several thousand pounds' worth of gold, silver and copper coins from the Royal Mint, and put them in circulation amongst the natives who immediately took to the

¹ *i.e.*, Katunga to Blantyre, Blantyre to Zomba, Zomba to Fort Liwonde (*via* Domasi), Zomba to Fort Lister, and thence round Mlanje to Fort Anderson, Fort Anderson to Chiromo, Chiromo to Chiradzulu and Ntonda, Blantyre to Choio, Karonga to the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau, and short roads in the Blantyre, Zomba, South Nyasa, Central Angoniland and Marimba districts.

² A "machilla" it must be remembered is a hammock or wicker-work couch slung on a pole.

new system. In these efforts we were effectively seconded by the African Lakes Company which established a Banking Company, with its main office at Blantyre and branches at Chinde and Fort Johnston. Native wages are now paid in cash, and the Administration receives most of the native taxes in cash, though produce is still accepted in payment of taxes in the outlying districts. Finally, it may be stated that the local revenue raised from Customs Duties, Stamp Duties, and Native Taxes, which in the year ended March 31st, 1892, was only £1700 in value, was in the year ended March 31st, 1896, over £22,000.



THE GARDENS OF THE RESIDENCY, ZOMBA

Attempts, in some degree successful, have been made to check the indiscriminate slaughter of the elephant, rhinoceros, and gnu,¹ and this protection has now been accorded to the zebra, wild swine, buffalo, and most of the rare or more beautiful African antelopes. Two game reserves for the breeding of these animals unmolested by any attacks from man have been formed, and regulations for the protection of wild game were drawn up by the Foreign Office early in the present year (these will be found in an Appendix to Chapter IX.)

Some mention should be made of the excellent work done by Mr. Alexander Whyte, F.Z.S., the head of our scientific department. He discovered on Mount Mlanje that most interesting conifer the *Widdringtonia Whytei*—discovered

¹ The same restrictions also apply to the giraffe, but the giraffe is of very doubtful existence in British Central Africa.

it just in time to save it from extinction at the hands of the natives who would every year ignite bush-fires on the upper parts of Mlanje, which were rapidly destroying this valuable tree. Successful efforts have now been made to replant other districts with the *Widdringtonia*, the seed of which has also been introduced into England, where it is now cultivated at Kew Gardens and at the establishments of one or two leading horticulturists. Mr. Whyte, with the co-operation of many officials in the B.C.A. Administration has made remarkable zoological and botanical collections which have enriched our national and provincial museums. (Some idea of the work we have done in this respect may be obtained by glancing at the Appendices to Chapters VIII. and IX.) Mr. Whyte laid the foundations of a Botanical Garden at Zomba, and has distributed amongst the planters seeds and plants which he has introduced on behalf of the Administration, or obtained from Kew. The authorities at Kew Gardens have from time to time sent out Wardian cases containing varieties and species of coffee, of bananas, of vanilla, and of a great many other useful and beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants suited to cultivation in a tropical country.

Coal has been discovered by our officials in various districts, and specimens have been sent home for analysis.



MR. WHYTE IN THE GARDENS AT ZOMBA

APPENDIX I

THE PRESENT METHOD OF ADMINISTERING BRITISH
CENTRAL AFRICA

CHAPTER IV. may be usefully supplemented by a brief statement of the present methods of administration.

There are the following Civilian officials:—

H.M. Commissioner and Consul-General :

H.M. Deputy Commissioner and Consul :

A Vice-Consul and Agent of the British Central Africa Administration at Chinde :

An Assistant Agent and Head Postmaster at the same place :

A Vice-Consul at Blantyre, and another at Fort Johnston :

A Secretary to the Administration ; an Assistant Secretary and 2 clerks :

A Judicial Officer at Blantyre, who is at the head of the Judicial Establishment :

A Chief Accountant ; 3 other Accountants ; a Store-keeper and Commissariat Officer ; an Assistant ditto and a native assistant ditto ; a local Auditor :

A Postmaster General ; a head of the Scientific Department (Mr. Alexander Whyte) ; an Assistant and Forester in the same department :

A Principal Medical Officer, and 2 other medical officers :

A First Surveyor (European) ; 3 other Surveyors (Indian, lent by the Indian Government) ; a Superintendent of Road-making, and two Assistant Superintendents :

A Superintendent of Public Works, with a European assistant and 6 Indian artisans :
12 Collectors, 8 of whom hold Judicial Warrants :

15 Assistant Collectors.

Most of the Collectors and Assistant Collectors hold in addition the office of Postmaster. There are further, besides the Postmaster-General at Blantyre, and the Head Postmaster at Chinde, 2 special Postmasters at Blantyre and at Zomba.

The Armed Forces consist of the following officers and men :—

A Commandant (Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Edwards) :

Second-in-Command and Staff Officer ; Third Officer and Quarter-Master :

Accountant, Clerk, Sergeant-Major of Artillery, and Transport Officer, and 2 Indian clerks.

(The foregoing are specially attached to the Indian Contingent, though their control extends to the rest of the armed forces.)

In the Contingent of Native troops there are :—

6 British Officers ; 2 native Sergeant-Majors ; and a number of Police Corporals and Interpreters.

The troops consist of

180 Sikhs, with 20 followers and 2 Indian hospital assistants, and about 1,000 native soldiers, armed porters and policemen.

The Naval Service consists of a
Commandant (Commander Percy Cullen, R.N.R.) and
3 other Naval Officers, all of whom are chosen from the Royal Naval Reserve; and
4 Warrant Officers, who are pensioners in the Royal Navy;
A Chief Engineer, and 4 other engineers;
4 Indian Artificers;
Other European carpenters, clerks, store-keepers, &c.; and about
80 "Sidi Boys," or native seamen.



BARRACKS AT FORT JOHNSTON

There are at present in the service of the Protectorate on the Upper Shire and on Lake Nyasa, 3 gunboats, 1 barge, 5 steel boats, and 2 daus (Arab sailing vessels). The war vessels are well armed with suitable guns. A new gunboat of considerable size is being built for service on Lake Nyasa, and should be launched at the beginning of 1898.

The most important "item" in the service of the Protectorate is probably the "Collector." This official superintends the collection of Customs Duties, the assessment and levying of native taxes; he directs the Civil police in his district; administers justice to Europeans and between Europeans and natives where he holds a Warrant from the Secretary of State to act as a judicial officer; superintends the administration of native justice; and acts generally as political officer and Tribune of the people. In all Civil matters he is supreme in his District, and only subordinate to the Commissioner. In many cases he is also responsible for the conduct of the postal service. If he possesses a great deal of power he is at the same time almost invariably an overworked individual, with many cares and responsibilities on his shoulders.

Justice is administered to British subjects and other Europeans and foreigners under

the Africa Orders in Council of 1891 and 1893; and to the natives by such native chiefs as are authorised to hold Courts of Justice; or more ordinarily by the judicial officers in the district, acting in the name and by the authority of the native chiefs. Capital punishment on Europeans can only be carried out after the Minutes of the Trial have been submitted to a Supreme Court¹ which revises the sentence, and if it is confirmed sanctions the execution. Capital sentences on natives of the Protectorate, imposed by the native Court, cannot be carried out until they have received the sanction of the Commissioner of Zomba, to whom Minutes of the case are submitted² by a provision under the Africa Orders in Council. Additional laws, governing the Protectorate and the Sphere of Influence, can be made by the issue of "Queen's Regulations," which, after receiving the assent of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, are promulgated by the Commissioner for British Central Africa. Special legislation of this kind is chiefly directed to the establishment of Customs Duties and Taxation, to the protection of Big Game, to the regulation of native labour and of navigation on the rivers and lakes.

These Regulations and other announcements of a Governmental kind are published in the *British Central Africa Gazette*, which is the official organ of the Administration and appears fortnightly, issued by the Government Press at Zomba.³

Government land is sold by public auction, and its upset price at present varies from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 0d. an acre.

There is a central Hospital at Zomba for the treatment of the European servants of the Administration, and a native hospital.

For Administrative purposes the Protectorate is divided into the following districts:—

Lower Shire (Capital, Port Herald).	Upper Shire (Capital, Liwonde).
Ruo (Capital, Chiromo).	South Nyasa (Capital, Fort Johnston).
Mlanje (Capital, Fort Anderson).	Central Angoniland (Capital, ⁴ Tambala).
Zomba (Capital, Zomba).	Marimba (Capital, Kotakota).
Blantyre (Capital, Blantyre).	West Nyasa (Capital, Nkata).
West Shire (Capital, Chikwawa).	North Nyasa (Capital, Karonga).

¹ Which at present is the High Court of Cape Colony.

² There have only been four executions for murder amongst the natives since 1891. One was the execution of a native of Kotakota, who killed a Makua soldier; the second, the execution of Mlozi; the third, the execution of Saidi Mwazungu, who killed Dr. Boyce and Mr. McEwan; and the fourth the execution of the Angoni Chief, Chikusi.

³ Where there are 1 European superintendent and 6 native printers.

⁴ It is probable that the capital will be removed to Chiwere.



THE RESIDENCY, ZOMBA

CHAPTER V.

THE SLAVE TRADE

IN regard to the slave trade, a few words of explanation and description may be of interest. Slavery has probably existed among mankind from time immemorial, and no doubt one race of negroes enslaved another ages before the ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians introduced the slave trade, by which is meant the deliberate expatriation of negroes to countries beyond the sea, or to parts of Africa not inhabited by the negro race. But the horrors of the slave trade are attributable, firstly to Europeans, and secondly to Arabs.

The English, Spanish, Portuguese and French had commenced trafficking in negro slaves from the West Coast of Africa when that coast became opened up to geographical knowledge in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the sixteenth century organised attempts were made to replace the disappearing aborigines of the West Indies by negro slaves; then came the introduction of negroes into the southern States of North America. At first the trade was confined to the West Coast but the Portuguese commenced to export slaves from East Africa in the seventeenth century, and thenceforward a mighty slave trade sprang up in the valley of the Zambezi which is not yet extinct, although several measures for its abolition have been taken by the Portuguese Government during the present century.

Maskat Arabs who warred with the Portuguese in East Africa and gradually supplanted them in all the settlements between Aden and the Ruvuma River, organised a brisk traffic to supply the markets of the East with black concubines, black eunuchs, and strong-armed willing workers.

Slaves thus became indispensable to Arabia, Egypt, Mesopotamia and Persia, and Abyssinian slaves were even introduced in numbers to the West Coast of India where they were turned into fighting men or into regular castes of seamen.¹

The Moors of Northern Africa, however, had almost shown the way in the matter of the slave trade to the nations of Western Europe by developing an active intercourse with the regions of the Nigerian Sudan, so that all Northern Africa was abundantly supplied with a caste of negro workers while negro blood mingled freely in many of the Arab and Berber tribes.

The worst horrors of the slave trade were probably the miseries endured by the closely-packed negroes on slave ships, where from want of ventilation and of such treatment as would nowadays be accorded as a duty to cargoes of beasts, they endured untold miseries and developed strange maladies. Moreover, to

¹ Curiously enough some of these slaves revolted and formed communities of their own in Western India, now recognised by the Imperial Government as small tributary States under negroid rulers of Abyssinian descent.

supply the slave market in America incessant civil war was raging amongst the coast tribes of West Africa. But the Arabs of East-Central Africa have run us hard in the matter of wickedness. I do not need to recapitulate the horrors of slave raids and the miseries of slave caravans: they are graphically described by Livingstone.¹

The Arabs of Maskat from the Zanzibar coast and the half-breed Portuguese from the Zambezi joined together to devastate what is now called British Central Africa.

The slaves from the Senga and Bisa countries in the Luangwa valley and from much of Southern Nyasaland found their way to Tete on the Zambezi, and thence to Quelimane and Moçambique, where they were picked up by American ships as late as the beginning of the "sixties." Some of these ships eluded the British gunboats; others were captured and taken to Sierra Leone. Here, strange to say, many inhabitants of Nyasaland and of the countries as far west as the Lualaba, were landed in the "forties" and "fifties" of this century, and were examined as to their languages by Mr. Koelle, a German missionary of great learning, who, in his *Polyglotta Africana*, produced one of the finest books ever written on the subject of African languages. Long before the existence of Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika were known to Europe, Mr. Koelle, of Sierra Leone, was writing down the vocabularies and languages spoken on the shores of those lakes, gathered from slaves that had come from Moçambique and Quelimane.



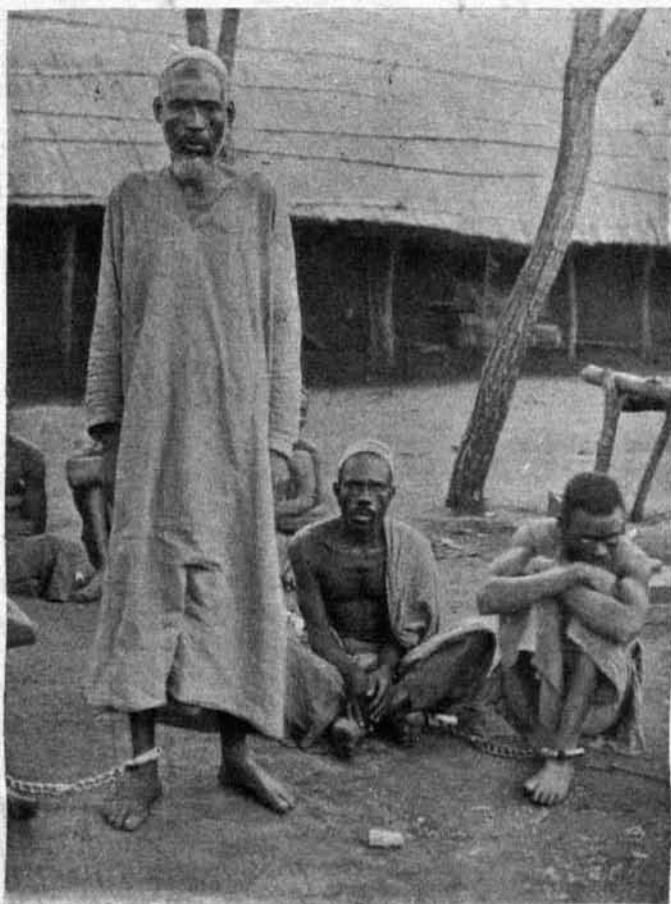
A SWAHILI SLAVE-TRADER

In between Moçambique and Quelimane the Arabs still retain to this day a hold on certain little-known ports, such as Angoche and Moma. From these points slaves from Eastern Nyasaland were shipped to Madagascar, which until its recent conquest by the French was another profitable market for slaves. In addition, the Matabele Zulus, who had surged back into South-Central Africa from Zululand at the beginning of this century raided across the Zambezi for slaves, and slave-raiding was also carried on by the Basuto who, under the name of the Makololo, conquered the Barutse kingdom. From the middle of the 18th to near the end of the 19th century British Central Africa has been devastated by the slave trade. Whole tribes have been cut up and scattered; vast districts depopulated; arts and crafts and useful customs have been forgotten in the flight before the slave-raiders. The whole country was kept in a state of incessant turmoil by the attempt to supply the slave markets of the Zambezi, of Madagascar, of the United States, of Zanzibar, Arabia, Persia, and Turkey.

A great blow was dealt to this trade by the conclusion of the American Civil War and the abolition of slavery. This and the Emancipation of Slaves first in the West Indies and subsequently in Brazil, brought the West African

¹ I have attempted also to give descriptions based on a good deal of personal observation as well as on much reading in my book, *The History of a Slave*.

slave trade to a close and largely diminished the source of profit in the South-East African slave trade; for American ships came no longer to the Moçambique coast to take away cargoes of slaves and to evade the British cruisers. Then the Portuguese awoke to a sense of duty and a series of edicts made slavery very difficult and the slave trade practically impossible in all the settled portions of Portuguese East Africa. But the Eastern market always



ARAB AND SWAHILI SLAVE-TRADERS, CAPTURED BY THE B.C.A. FORCES

remained open and the Arabs carried their slaving enterprise farther and farther into the heart of British Central Africa. They had enlisted on their side powerful tribes like the Wa-yao, the Wa-nyamwezi, the Awemba, and the Angoni Zulus. Dr. Livingstone, however, appeared on the scene and his appeals to the British public gradually drew our attention to the slave trade in Eastern Central Africa until, as the direct result of Livingstone's work, slavery and the slave trade are now at an end within the British Central Africa Protectorate, and are fast disappearing in the regions beyond under the South Africa

Company; and the abolition of slavery at Zanzibar will shortly be decreed as a final triumph to Livingstone's appeal.

The attitude of our Administration in British Central Africa towards the status of slavery has been this: we have never recognised it, but where slavery existed without its being forced on our notice through an attempt to carry on the slave trade, or through unkindness to the slaves, we have not actually interfered to abolish the status. But if ever a slave has run away from a district not administered by us to a more settled portion of the Protectorate, we have always refused to surrender him. If the slave was a female and it could be shown that she was a wife or concubine of the man who owned her or that he had inflicted no unkindness she was usually given back upon a promise of immunity from punishment. When a district from various causes has come under our immediate administration we have always informed the slaves that they were not slaves and that they were free to go and do what they pleased as long as they did not break the law. But it has rarely happened that the slaves of a chief who were well treated have chosen to quit their masters; therefore, being free to do as they liked, if they chose to remain and work as slaves nobody interfered to prevent their doing so. The slave trade—still more slave-raiding—has always been punished, and it may be safely stated that such a thing does not now exist in the Protectorate, though it is still carried on in such districts as are not wholly under the control of the British South Africa Company; while Mpezeni alone among the unconquered Angoni chiefs raids the countries round his settlements and apparently adds his slaves to the population of his kingdom, or sells them to the Arabs on the Luangwa.



A "RUGA-RUGA"
(MNYAMWEZI)

Slave-raider employed by Arabs

The hardships of the slave trade were these:—Homes were broken up, a large number of men, women and little children were collected together and dispatched on a many-hundred-mile journey overland to the coast, on which they often had to carry heavy burdens. Their slave-sticks¹ were no light weight, and they were ill-fed and provided with no clothing to shield them from the cold or wet in mountainous regions. If they lagged by the way or lay down, worn out with exhaustion, their throats were cut or they were shot. Often before reaching the coast the Arabs would stop at some settlement and roughly castrate a number of the young boys so that they might be sold as eunuchs. Some died straightway from the operation, others lingered a little longer and

¹ The slave-stick in most of the languages of East-Central Africa is called *gori*, *goli*, or *li-goli*. It consists usually of a young tree lopped off near the ground and again cut where it divides into two branches. The ends of these two branches are left sufficiently long to enclose the neck of the slave. Their ends are then united by an iron pin which is driven through a hole drilled in the wood and hammered over on either side.

The thick end of the *gori-stick* is usually fastened to a tree at night time when the caravan is resting, though sometimes it is merely left on the ground as the weight of the stick would make escape nearly impossible, especially as stubborn slaves have their hands tied behind the back. When the slaves are engaged in any work the end of the *gori-stick* is sufficiently supported to enable them to bear its weight and yet perform the task allotted to them. Except in the case of children, on whom no stick is placed,

eventually perished from hernia induced by this operation. Those who survived usually had an extremely comfortable and prosperous after-life in the harem of some Turk, Arab or Persian. The mortality amongst the children was terrible: the Arab slave-drivers do not appear to have been actuated by motives of commercial expediency in endeavouring to land as many live and healthy slaves on the coast as possible. They seem on the contrary to have been inspired by something more like devilish cruelty at times in the reckless way in which they would expose their slaves to suffering and exhaustion, and then barbarously kill them.¹

as they are sure to follow their mothers or friends, or of comely young women who are the temporary concubines of the slave-drivers, and who, with the facile nature of the negro, rapidly become attached to their brutal husbands—all slaves are usually loaded with this terrible weight. Nevertheless escape does sometimes take place. Most slaves must of necessity have their hands free when on the march, especially if they are to support the weight of the gori-stick. They then often manage to secrete a knife or razor, or some sharp substance with which during the night they will attempt to saw through one of the branches of the stick round the neck. They are then able to twist the iron pin round and release their necks from the burden. To escape in a strange country is impossible, and the attempt is invariably followed by a return to slavery in some shape or form. As a rule when the journey to the coast is half done the slaves are sufficiently to be depended upon for docility to be able to travel without the slave-stick.

¹ Much of my information about slavery was derived from an interesting man, several years in my service, who was originally a native of the east coast of Lake Nyasa, and had been sent as a slave to the coast with an Arab caravan when he was about twelve years old. The slaves whom he accompanied were captured by a British cruiser. This boy was taken to Zanzibar and set free, was educated at the Universities Mission, and became the servant of a succession of Admirals on the East Coast Station, ending up with Admiral Hewett; after whose death he passed into my service, and was, until his recent death, the principal servant at the Consulate at Moçambique.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EUROPEAN SETTLERS

AS mentioned in a preceding chapter, there were 345 Europeans at the end of the year 1896 settled in the eastern part of British Central Africa, of whom about thirty were non-British subjects. These Europeans are divisible into four classes—officials, missionaries, planters and traders.

The missionaries and their work will be dealt with in Chapter VII. The officials have been referred to in the Appendix to a preceding chapter; there remain therefore the planters and traders to be now considered.

The planters come from very much the same class which furnishes the coffee planters of Ceylon, India, Fiji, and Tropical America. They are most of them decent young fellows of good physique and good education, who, possessed of a small capital, desire to embark on a life which shall combine a profitable investment for their money, with no great need for elaborate technical education, and an open-air life in a wild country with plenty of good sport, and few or none of the restraints of civilisation. One of our planters can look back on something like twenty-two years' experience of British Central Africa, another on eighteen years' experience, a third ten, a fourth nine; but most of the men did not arrive in the country before 1890 or 1891. The planters now probably number nearly 100. The chief thing grown is coffee; but tea has been started on two estates (on one of which it has been growing for about six years), and on others cinchona and cearà rubber, cotton and tobacco are cultivated. Some planters go in a great deal for cattle keeping and breeding.¹

The coffee plant was originally introduced into British Central Africa by Mr. Jonathan Duncan, a horticulturist in the service of the Church of Scotland Mission, but the idea owes its inception to the late Mr. John Buchanan, C.M.G., who was at the time also in the service of the Church of Scotland Mission.²

¹ During the past two or three years the use of cattle by the European settlers in the Protectorate has greatly increased. When I first came to British Central Africa in 1889 no one except at two or three mission stations and at the African Lakes Company's establishments at Mandala and at Karonga kept any cattle. A few native chiefs had herds of 20 or 30 beasts hidden away in the mountains, afraid to avow their existence in case they should be raided by the Angoni or the Yao. At the north end of the lake the Wankonde had enormous herds, as was the case with the Angoni in the west of the Protectorate, but no one came forward to trade in cattle and distribute oxen among the Europeans in the Shire Highlands. All this is now changed. Many Europeans have been up into the Angoni country, and certain Administration officials have interested themselves in the introduction of cattle into the Shire province. The price of milch cows now stands at a little more than two or three pounds a head, while oxen may fetch as little as 15/- each. The chief inducement in keeping cattle is to use the manure for the coffee plantations, but of course the supply of milk and butter is a valuable adjunct to health.

² Which he joined as a lay member specially in charge of horticultural work in 1876.

and who on his arrival at Blantyre had arranged with the curator of the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh for the sending out of coffee plants.

Three small coffee plants of the Mocha variety (*Coffea Arabica*) which were leading a sickly existence at Edinburgh were entrusted to Mr. Duncan to transport to Blantyre. Two of these plants died on the voyage, the third survived and was planted in the Blantyre Mission gardens, where until quite recently it was still living. Two years after it was thus replanted it bore a crop of about 1000 beans which were all planted, and from which 400 seedlings were eventually reared. In 1883, $14\frac{1}{2}$ cwts. of coffee was gathered from these young trees. Mr. Henry Henderson of the Blantyre Mission brought out a small supply of Liberian coffee seed in 1887; but this variety has never met with much success in British Central Africa, as it will not grow well on the hills, though it answers well in the plains. Moreover, it does not fetch nearly such good prices as the small Mocha bean. Later on varieties of Jamaica coffee were introduced by the Moir Brothers whilst managers of the African



THE CONSULATE, BLANTYRE

Lakes Company at Mandala. The "blue mountain" variety of Jamaica has succeeded very well in the Shire Highlands, and to a less extent the "orange" coffee in the same locality has prospered. Still the bulk of the coffee trees now existing in this Protectorate owe their origin to the one surviving coffee plant introduced from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. It may therefore be said without much exaggeration that it is Scotch coffee which is the staple growth of British Central Africa.

Owing to the troubles which broke out in the Church of Scotland Mission (briefly referred to in a previous chapter), much of the Society's work in connection with planting was suspended, though not before it had introduced coffee into the Zomba district through Mr. Buchanan; but when Mr. Buchanan left the Mission in 1880 he determined to establish himself independently as a coffee planter. For years he and his brothers (who eventually joined him) struggled on with a very limited capital, having almost insuperable difficulties to contend with in the shape of recalcitrant chiefs, ill-health, and invasions of the Angoni, which drove away all their native labour. They remained however without any rivals in the field until Mr. Eugene Sharrer, a British subject of German origin, arrived at Blantyre in 1889, bought land and started coffee planting. The Lakes Company also commenced

planting about the same time, but the shipments of the Buchanan Brothers had already established the fact that coffee of the very best quality could be grown in British Central Africa. Moreover, the labour difficulty was being gradually solved. When the natives around the infant settlements of Blantyre and Zomba were convinced that the white men would pay fairly for their labour, they began to come in increasing numbers to work in the plantations, and strangest of all, the warlike Angoni came down with their slaves, not to raid

and ravage as before, but to obtain employment for three or four months in the year in the coffee plantations.

The total amount of coffee exported from this Protectorate in 1896 was 320 tons. This coffee was sold in London at prices ranging between 99s. and 115s. per cwt., much of it fetching prices over 100 shillings. The lowest price ever fetched by British Central Africa coffee was 86s. per cwt.

The coffee undoubtedly varies according to the amount of rainfall, the fertility of the soil, and the manner in which it is plucked, pulped, dried and packed. Manure and shade¹ seem to be absolutely necessary to complete success. Artificial manures are now being imported, and as already stated cattle are kept in increasing quantities so that their dung may be used for the coffee plantations, and guano has recently been discovered on the islands of Lake Nyasa, which will prove very useful. It is also necessary that the plantations shall be scrupulously weeded. When the soil is



A COFFEE TREE IN BEARING

fertile, and all these conditions of manure, shade and weeding have been fulfilled, a yield of as much as 17 cwt. per acre has been taken. On the other hand, in much neglected gardens no more than 50 or 60 lbs. per acre has been realised. The average yield in the plantations is $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. per acre, though it is the opinion of experts that this yield would be greatly increased if more care was shown in the cultivation of the coffee.

In some years of poor rainfall or where the first rains have fallen early, and have brought coffee prematurely into blossom leaving the newly-formed seed to suffer from the subsequent drought, the berry grows diseased or the husk is found to be empty with no kernels at all inside. Some people are of opinion that this empty husk or diseased berry is caused by the presence of a small beetle. Others assert that it is the result of a plague of green

¹ To attain this end, I believe, in new plantations for every two coffee shrubs inserted in the ground one African fig tree is planted. These splendid wild fig trees grow to a great height and give absolute shade. They also serve to protect the coffee trees from being wind blown or seared by the hot air coming off the plains in the dry season.

bugs which suck the sap of the coffee tree. All are agreed, however, that the only preventative of the defective berry is *plenty of shade* and manure.

A system of "topping"¹ has now been almost universally adopted, though perhaps not to the same extent to which it is carried on in Ceylon and India, for it is difficult to train immediately a sufficient staff of natives who will handle and prune the coffee in a proper manner; and careless topping does more harm than good. The effect of the soil of this Protectorate on the coffee shrub is apparently to bring it into bearing at three years of age or under, and to cause it in its second crop to exhaust its vitality, if it be not previously pruned. Left to itself the coffee shrub in this main or second crop would give an enormous yield from the primary shoots and as a result of this exhaustion no secondary branches would be developed from which the next year's crop would come; consequently instead of bearing year after year for something like fourteen years the coffee shrubs would be useless when four or five years old. The coffee tree generally blossoms during the dry season in the months of September and October, especially if a few showers of rain fall, as they often do at this time of the year. The berries are usually ripe and ready for picking at the end of June.

In my report to the Foreign Office on the trade of British Central Africa during 1895 and 1896 I have estimated that a planter requires a capital of about £1000 for the upkeep and bringing into bearing of 100 acres of coffee. This sum should purchase an estate of say 500 acres and provide for the cost of clearing it, obtaining coffee seedlings and planting them, and building a fairly comfortable house, and of meeting the expense of the planter's living on a moderate scale during the three years. It would not, however, provide for the erection of a substantial brick house, nor of the pulping vats, and special machinery for pulping. With this he would have gradually to supply himself out of the profits his plantation would make after the first three years. Perhaps it may enable my readers to obtain a clear idea of the average experience of a young coffee planter; what difficulties he has to face; what are the chances of success—what in fact any reader of my book who intends to become a coffee planter in British Central Africa would have to undergo—if I give here extracts from the imaginary letters of a typical planter, so far as my imagination will enable me to enter into the mind of A, B, C, or D, and reveal their thoughts and the impressions which are made on them by what they see and feel.



A PLANTER'S TEMPORARY HOUSE

"BALBROCHAN, Ayrshire, Scotland.

"DEAR FRED,—As I have failed in my last chance for the army, the governor has decided that I am to go coffee planting somewhere in Central Africa. He has heard all about it from old Major McClear, who it appears has gone out there with his son (he is a widower you know) and is going to supplement his pension by making money out of

¹ "Topping" means cutting about four inches off the top of the tree, so as to throw it back and cause the secondary branches to develop and come into bearing.

coffee. You see, as I have failed finally to pass my exams for the army, I must not be too particular, as there are younger brothers and sisters to be educated and put out in the world, and my father is not over well off; besides, I hear there is capital sport, and the climate is not so bad though one gets a touch of fever every now and then. The governor can only afford £1000 to start me, and I am going to do my best not to cost him another penny before I am self-supporting. . . . I think the country is called the British Central Africa Protectorate; it is close to Lake Nyasa, and is about 300 or 400 miles inland from the east coast. I am getting my equipment ready, and shall leave on the 1st of May by the *Edinburgh Castle* for Durban, where I change into the "Rennie" boat *Induna*, and so travel up the east coast to a place called Chinde which is at the mouth of the Zambezi. Here I change into the river steamer, and travel up the Zambezi and the Shire, and so on to Blantyre where I shall stay with the McCleers and look about me. . . . As to equipment,¹ I am not taking very much as I am told that most things can be got fairly good and cheap out there, and it saves one the bother of a lot of luggage, and the risk of loading yourself with things that you don't want. I shall simply take along with me all my old clothes and a dress-suit in case there is any 'society.' Of course I am taking guns—a doubled-barrelled 12-bore shot gun, and an express rifle. I have been strongly advised not to take a helmet, as it is said to be a ridiculous kind of headgear for Central Africa, where one requires something like a light Terai hat, and where it appears you should always carry a white cotton umbrella when the sun shines. The helmet is cumbersome and ugly and does not shield the body from the sun. It seems from what I can gather that a chap gets far sicker from the effect of the sun on his body than on his head, and that the best way to avoid sun fever and sunstroke is to carry an umbrella wherever one goes. I shall take a good saddle with me and riding gear, as most of the people in the Shire Highlands (the name of the coffee district) ride about on ponies. I think as I pass through Durban I shall invest in a Basuto pony (they are said to be the best for the purpose) and take him along with me up to Blantyre. I hear they are very cheap at Durban, about £8 will buy a good one, and it only comes altogether to about £25 or £26 to convey the little beast up river to a place called Katunga, and there you get on his back and ride up to Blantyre. I shall also take out my bicycle as some of the roads are fit for cycling. Nearly everything else can be got on the spot, but my mother insists on giving me a small medicine chest, so that I can dose myself with quinine and other things if there is no doctor handy. I shall also take out a small photographic camera and plenty of books.

"And now good-bye for a bit in case I don't see you again, but as soon as I get out there I will write and let you know what it is like."

"CHIROMO, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA, June 12th.

"DEAR FRED,—I am now in British Central Africa, and before I get any further into the country as I have a day or two to spare here I will give you an account of what my journey was like.

"I managed to get my pony all right in Durban through Messrs. — and —, who seem to be universal providers in that city. I had to give £9 for him but he is an extra good little beast. We changed into the *Induna* at this place. She was very crowded and therefore not very comfortable, but the journey to Chinde only occupied five days as we ran through direct.

"Chinde, you know, is one of the mouths of the Zambezi, and the only one which has a bar that can be crossed without risk by a well-navigated steamer. The *Induna* crossed the bar all right and landed us on the British Concession, a piece of land which was granted by the Portuguese Government for the use of the British Central Africa Protectorate so that goods can be transhipped here from the ocean-going steamers

¹ vide Appendix II., p. 185.—H. H. J.

into the river boats. I did not stay on the Concession, however, but on a place called the Extra Concession which has no privileges regarding exemptions from Customs dues. I put up at an hotel which is run by ———. Of course everything seems very rough to me who have never been farther away than Switzerland before, but fellows here tell me that Chinde is simply luxurious to what it was a few years ago. In 1890 it was practically unknown to Europeans, and there was not even a hut on the present sandspit, which is the site of the town—everything was covered with thick bush; now, although the place is horribly ugly, being built almost entirely of corrugated iron, it is fairly neat and clean. Most of the houses are of one story, but ———'s hotel is not half a bad place, a sort of bungalow built of iron and wood with broad shady verandahs. The food is anything but good, however, as fresh provisions are scarce and most of the things we eat come out of tins.

"Chinde is a great peninsula of sand intersected with marshy tracts, which projects into the Indian Ocean, having the sea on one side and the Chinde mouth of the Zambezi on the other.

* * * * *

"Two days after our arrival at Chinde we started in the Lakes Company's steamer, the *James Stevenson*, which conveyed us up river as far as Chiromo. After leaving Chinde we pursued a tortuous course up the Chinde River till we got into the main Zambezi. Here the country was very uninteresting. The Zambezi is extremely broad and you are never sure whether you are looking at the opposite bank or a chain of long flat islands. Islands and shore are equally covered at this season of the year by grass of tremendous height, and except an occasional fan-palm you see nothing behind the grass. Hippos are very scarce and shy now owing to the way they have been shot at. Occasionally however you see little black dots at a distance, and if you are looking through glasses you can distinguish a hippo raising his head and stretching his jaws, but they always duck when the steamer gets anywhere near. At the end of our second day we got to a place called Vicenti, a sort of Portuguese station. A little while before we got there we began to see something more interesting than the grass banks—the outline of a blue mountain called Morambala, which overlooks the Shire River. Morambala is the only hill to be seen for miles farther on beyond Vicenti. You hardly notice where you get into the River Shire, as the country seems to have become quite demoralised at the junction of the Shire with the Zambezi by the intersection of innumerable channels of water and swamps. Morambala looks a splendid mountain, however (about 4,000 feet high), as it rises up above the fetid Morambala marsh. Beyond Morambala the banks are dotted with innumerable tall palms which I could not help thinking very picturesque with their lofty whitish-grey stems, and their crowns of elegantly-shaped blue-green fronds.



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MT. MORAMBALA, FROM THE RIVER SHIRE

"The first place we stopped at in British territory was Port Herald on the west bank of the Shire, a pretty little settlement with very rich vegetation. The steamer had to stop here for a day for some reason or other so I and two of my fellow passengers went out for a shoot. The Administration official at the station lent us a guide, and we had awfully good sport, coming back with a large male waterbuck,—a beast as big as a red deer—and two reedbuck which are somewhat the size of a roe and very good eating. The meat of the waterbuck is no good, so we gave it to the natives; but as I had shot the beast I kept the horns which are very fine though not at all like a stag's, being quite simple without branches and

with an elegant curve and ever so many rings. Jones, one of my fellow passengers, saw a lion whilst we were out shooting on this occasion, but was in too much of a funk to fire, so the beast got away. He says his cartridge jammed! but I don't believe him.

"Chiromo is an awfully pretty little place. The roads are broad and bordered with fine shady trees planted close together. Some of the buildings are quite smart, though of course at home we should think them small.

"Up to the present the climate has been lovely and I have not had a touch of fever. It is quite cool at nights and one seldom gets mosquitos, but I am told that in the rainy season they are an awful pest. In the middle of the day it is about as hot as a summer's day at home, but not too hot to walk about with or without an umbrella. This is the beginning of the cool season of the year."

"BLANTYRE, *June 30th.*

"I got up to Blantyre on June 18th. The small steamer of the Lakes Company took us on from Chiromo to Katunga, up the Shire. You cannot go beyond Katunga by water, or at least much beyond, because of the rapids and falls. The Steamer Company arranged about the transport of my baggage and I simply saddled my pony, which was in capital condition, and rode him gently up to Blantyre. The distance is about 25 miles. I had sent a telegram from Katunga to say I was coming and old McClear rode out and met me half-way. His plantation is not in Blantyre but about seven miles out. However, we slept that night at an hotel in Blantyre and went on to his plantation the next morning. The country is awfully pretty—very thickly wooded in parts and with hills and mountains of bold outline. Water seems to be most abundant; every few miles you cross a running stream or rivulet. As far as climate goes you might think yourself back in England, anywhere near Blantyre, at this season of the year. All the houses are built of brick and every room, nearly, has a fireplace.

"It is very jolly at night to sit round a huge log fire and enjoy it, with the temperature outside almost down to freezing point. In fact some mornings there is a white rime on the ground when you first go out.

* * * * *

"I have almost settled on buying a piece of land adjoining McClear's plantation. It belongs to the Crown and I shall have to take these steps to buy it:—First of all I have to get one of the surveyors here to go over the land with me and make a rough plan of the boundaries so that we can get at some idea of the area and furnish the Commissioner's Office with sufficient information to enable the officials to decide where the land is and whether it can be sold. With these particulars I send a fee of £2, which includes the surveyor's fees and the cost of inserting an announcement in the *Gazette*. If the Commissioner decides to sell the land he will put a notice to that effect in the *Gazette* and an upset-price will be fixed (probably 5s. an acre) and notice will be given that the estate will be sold by public auction a fortnight after the announcement appears. The sale will take place at the Court House in Blantyre. I shall have to go there and if nobody bids against me I shall get the estate knocked down to me at the upset-price.

* * * * *

"BLANTYRE, *August 1st.*

"I have bought my land—nobody bid against me—but I have had my first attack of fever. Perhaps it is just as well to get it over, as they say you have it all the worse if it is bottled up in your system. I think mine must have come on from a chill. I had played in a tremendous cricket match got up at Blantyre, "The Administration v. Planters," and after getting very hot went and sat about in the cool breeze, which is about the most fatal thing you can do. The next day after breakfast I began to feel a bit cheap—very shivery and a horrid pain in the back, and rather a sensation as though

I was going to have a tremendous cold. I am staying at Major McClear's and he told me at once I was in for a dose of fever, made me go to bed, gave me a purge and put hot water bottles at my feet. Then I began to get awfully hot—my temperature went up to 102 degrees—and after that came a sweat which soaked all the bed clothes, and then I felt a bit better and wanted to get up but they advised me to stay in bed. I seemed all right the next morning except that my ears were singing, but towards evening again I felt beastly bad. I went to bed and vomited ever so many times, and thought I was going to die. A doctor came to see me and found my temperature 103 degrees; he brought it down with a dose of phenacitine. Eventually I got to sleep and woke up much better, but I was down again the third day though not so bad. After that I felt



SHARRER'S STORE AT KATUNGA

very weak and looked very yellow for a day or two, and then my appetite came back and now I am just as fit as it is possible to be—a tremendous appetite and think the country is the finest in the world though I can tell you whilst I had the fever on me I made an awful ass of myself, telling them all I was going to die and sending all sorts of messages to my people! I hear everybody does that when he has fever and no one seems inclined to make fun of you on that account.

"Well: I have bought my land—500 acres at 5s. makes £125. I shall have to pay the Stamp Duties and eventually the cost of a survey. All this will come to about another £20—say in all £150. I have arranged to live with old McClear (it is awfully kind of him to propose it) and learn the business whilst my own estate is being got ready. He will give me a room and my board, and during all the time that I can spare off my own land I am to help him and his son on their estate; this of course will teach me something about coffee planting.

"Blantyre is not half a bad place but it seems to me a good deal of hard drinking

goes on there. Smedley, the Missionary doctor, says a white man ought not to touch alcohol in Africa except when it is given to him as a medicine. That is all very well but I can't see that a little lager beer does much harm, or a glass of good claret; and as the drinking water at Blantyre is not first rate and one can't always be swilling tea the entire teetotal plan does not suit me; at the same time I am willing to admit that a deal too much whisky is consumed here. Somehow or other most of the chaps who come out here to plant seem to get into the way of it. Perhaps I shall do the same. I must say on these very cold nights before one turns in, whilst you are sitting round the pleasant log fire a glass of hot whisky and water is very tempting and surely can't be harmful? The Doctor says it is, under all circumstances, and that all spirits have a most prejudicial effect on the liver in Central Africa.

* * * * *

"PAZULU, September 10th.

"This is the name of old Major McClear's plantation. I believe it means 'up above.' It is on a hill-side looking down on the River Lunzu and the bush is being burnt in all directions. I am awfully fit and have been very busy clearing my land of bush. This is how I have had to set about it. I found that a man named Carter had just come down from the Atonga country on the west coast of Lake Nyasa with a huge gang of Atonga labourers. Some of the chaps do this every now and then when they have got time on their hands—go up the west coast of Nyasa (where they get very good sport) and come back with a gang of men for work. After supplying their own plantations they pass on the others to planters and traders who want men. All these men are registered at the Government office, either in the country they come from or at some place like Blantyre. You have to engage them before a Government official and everything is written down fair and square—the time you engage them for, the amount you are going to pay them, and so on. Each man gets a copy of the contract and you have to pay a shilling for the stamp on it, that is to say a shilling for each labourer. You may not engage them for more than a year even if you want to, and if they want to stay. Ordinarily one takes them for six months and you have to give a deposit or a bond to provide for the cost of their return passage money to their homes. If a man runs away before the time of his contract is completed without any breach of the agreement on your part he can be punished and you can proceed against him for damages up to a certain amount if he refuse to complete the term for which he is engaged; of course you have a further hold over them because you do not pay them the full sum for their services till their time is up. When you pay them off you have to do so before the Government officer who sees that what you give them is that which is owing to them.

"I have got a gang of fifty men and a 'capitao.' They are all Atonga—a cheery lot though rather unruly at times and ready to knock off work if you do not keep a sharp look out. The head man of any gang is called a 'capitao' which I believe is a Portuguese word—the same as 'captain.' My 'capitao' when he is at work wears precious little clothing, but on Sundays he puts on a long coat with brass buttons and a red fez which he has bought at a store or which was part of his last year's payment. His name is Moses. Of course he has got an Atonga name of his own but the missionaries in this country will give them all Biblical names (which I think is awfully bad taste, but the Atonga do not share my views and Mosesi, as he calls himself, admires his Bible name tremendously). I am to pay these men three shillings a month each and the 'capitao' five shillings. Besides this they get their food allowance or 'posho' as it is sometimes called. This I generally give to them in white calico (which costs me 2½d. a yard). I give my men four yards a week each with six yards for the 'capitao.' This with occasional extras brings up the cost of their food to 2d. a day with a little extra for the head man. Some of the other traders here only give out food allowance at the rate of three yards a week per man, but food has become very dear, relatively

speaking, round Blantyre; and if our labourers do not receive sufficient food cloth or money in lieu thereof they are bound to steal from the native gardens and so get into trouble. I wonder some of the planters and traders here do not see that it is far and away the best policy to treat one's labourers generously in the way of food. There is nothing which will attach the negro more to your service than to give him plenty to eat. A man who feeds him well may beat him as much as he pleases in moderation and the man will still remain attached and return to the same plantation year after year; besides you can get a lot more work out of the men if they are well nourished, and really I assure you no one ever did such credit to good food as a negro whose eyes are bright whose skin is clear and whose temper is sunny, when he is well fed.

"Talking about beating; of course it goes on to some extent though it is illegal in the eyes of the Administration, but a certain amount of discipline must be kept up by the head man of a gang and trifling corrections are not noticed by the authorities provided the men make no complaint; but in old days, I am told, before there was any Government here the amount of flogging that went on was a great deal too bad, and some cases were downright savage. The instrument used is a 'chicote'¹—a long, thin, rounded strip of hippopotamus hide about the thickness of a finger . . . stiff but slightly pliant. If this is applied to the bare skin it almost invariably breaks it and causes bleeding. For my part I am jolly careful not to get into trouble, and when one of my chaps was caught stealing the other day I preferred to bring him up before the Police Court and have him punished there instead of taking the law into my own hands.

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"The first part of the estate we began to clear was the possible site for a house. I chose this on a little knoll overlooking the Lunzu and about fifty feet above the bank of the river which is seventy yards distant. I flattened the top of the knoll and had to cut down one or two trees. After this I selected the site of my nurseries and resolved to thoroughly clear, in addition, about 100 acres for planting. The process of clearing is now going on briskly. I get up every morning at six and walk over from McClear's house to my own plantation and turn out my Atonga who are living in *misasa* (ramshackle shelters of sticks and thatch which they make to house themselves). Then the men turn out with cutlasses and axes and set to work cutting down the terribly rampant grass and herbage, and here and there a useless, shadeless tree or shrub. I am carefully leaving all the big trees for the shade they will give to the coffee; they will grow all the finer for the clearing of the growth around them.

"All the bush which is thus cut down will be left to lie in the sun and dry. Then the Atonga will pile it into heaps a few yards distant one from the other and set fire to it, and when it is burnt to ashes they will spread the ashes over the soil and dig it in. I am advised to get native women of the district to do this for me with native hoes. The women here work exceedingly hard—much better than the men—and ask less pay. A little while later on they will be beginning to prepare their own plantations before the big rains so it is as well to get them now if I can. For chance labour like this, for any term less than a month and within their own district I shan't have to register them."

¹ A Portuguese word.—H. H. J.



A "CAPITAO"

"PAZULU, *November 20th.*

"I have been much too busy to write any letters for the last two months—awfully busy but wonderfully well and not the least bit dull. When I had cleared my ground for the plantation I had it lined out in regular rows from six feet to seven feet apart, and at intervals of about six feet along these rows we dug pits 18 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The pits were left open for some six weeks "to weather," then we filled them up with soil, which was mixed with a manure made of cow-dung and wood ashes. After each pit had been filled up we stuck into the middle of it a bamboo stick (bamboos grow in abundance along the stream bank and on the hill-sides and are very useful) to mark the place where the coffee plant was to be put it. I made arrangements with a neighbouring planter to buy sufficient coffee seedlings of a year's growth to plant up the 50 acres I have cleared. Every day we expect the rainy season to begin now—in fact to-day the 20th November is the date on which the big rains ordinarily begin near Blantyre (we had occasional showers in July and August and one or two in September, but no rain at all in October, only a lot of thunder and lightning and an occasional dry tornado). As soon as the rains have really broken I shall put the coffee plants in these pits. I am told that whilst the coffee grows the weeds grow even quicker, and that the hardest time I shall have with my own men will be during December, January and February, keeping the weeds down. If we are not incessantly at work hoeing in between the coffee plants they will be smothered by the growth of weeds.

"It is so very good of old McClear to put me up in his house that I have been doing my best to help him in between working on my own plantation. He gathered his first coffee crop this year, and is very pleased at the result. The berries were picked off the trees (which are three years old) at the end of June and the beginning of July, and all this was over before I arrived on the scene; but I saw the berries when they were being pulped by machinery. By this process the sweet fleshy covering of the berries is taken off and the bean is disclosed encased in its parchment skin. You know of course that this splits into two seeds when you take off the dry skin and it is merely these seeds which you see when the coffee reaches you at home. I shall not get a pulper till I have owned my plantation for about four years, as it is hardly worth while for a poor man to have a maiden crop off a small plantation pulped by machinery.

"After the beans are pulped they are passed into a brick vat where they are left to ferment for between 24 and 36 hours. Then they are removed to a second vat and thoroughly washed in water. Then they are taken out and dried on mats. After this they are further dried in a drying house and constantly turned over to prevent anything like mould. All through the end of September and the beginning of October we were busy packing the coffee in stout canvas bags, weighing about 56 lbs. each. Each bag was numbered and marked with McClear's initials by stencil plates, and handed over to one of the transport companies here to be shipped direct to London, *via* Chinde. It will of course be carried partly on men's heads and partly in waggons down to Katunga, and then they will send it down river to Chinde. It is to be hoped they will be careful not to put the bags into a leaky boat or steamer, because if they are wetted the coffee will be quite spoiled. The cost of sending this coffee from Blantyre to London is about £8 a ton.

* * * * *

"BLANTYRE, *January 1st.*

"In spite of the rainy season which is well on us, we have spent a very jolly Christmas at Blantyre. Most of the planters from Cholo and the other districts round Blantyre have congregated here for Christmas week. We had a little mild horse-racing and a shooting competition. Like most of the other Europeans here I belong to the Shire Highlands Shooting Club, but I did not score over well on this occasion, because I was a bit off colour, having had another little touch of fever—caused by the beginning

of the rainy season I expect. We had a smoking concert in the Court House which was lent to us for the occasion, and the missionaries got up a big bazaar in aid of their school-house, and afterwards a lot of us were entertained at the Manse by the senior missionary where we heard some really good music. You have no idea what a pretty place the Manse is. It is rather a rambling house with a low thatched roof, but all the rooms open on to the verandahs with glass doors and plenty of windows so that they are very light inside though shielded from the sun.

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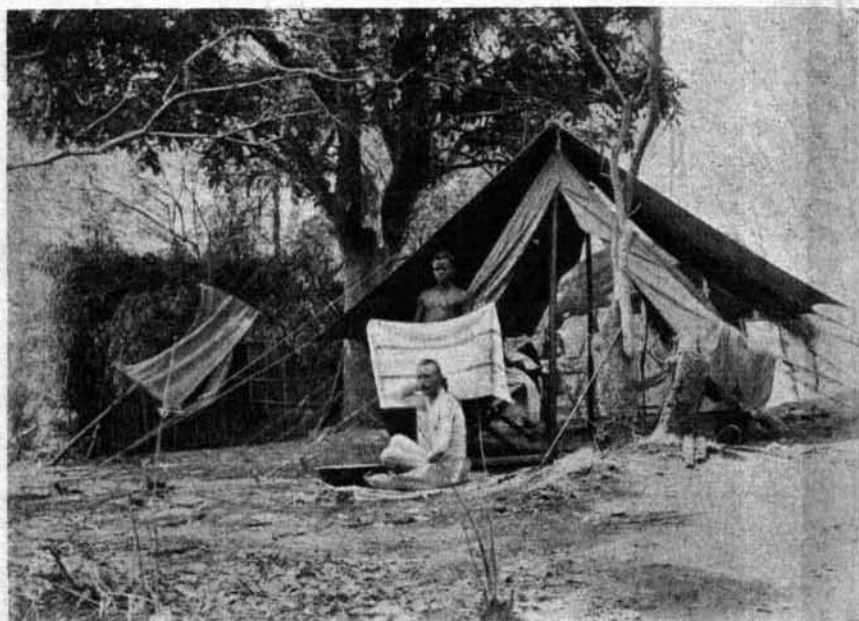
"There is a fairly good club here with lots of newspapers. I belong to the club and get a bedroom there whenever I come into Blantyre. I cannot say I think much of the hotels. Perhaps when more Europeans come to the country it will be worth while building a good place to receive them where a check will be set on the unlimited consumption of whisky, which at present tends to a good deal of noise and brawling of a not very creditable kind. Whisky is the curse of this country as far as Europeans are concerned, and is the cause of more than half the sickness.

"One of the chief drawbacks to this place, after all, is the lack of news. Blantyre is a hot-bed of gossip and rumours simply because it has no daily newspaper. There are no Reuter's telegrams to read at the club every day because we are not in direct telegraph communication with the outer world. The mails arrive with much uncertainty; this is partly owing to the irregular way in which the ocean-going steamers call at Chinde. There are supposed to be two mails from Europe landed at Chinde in the month, but sometimes they both come together and then there is a month's interval before another mail arrives; or when the mail is landed at Chinde there may be no steamer ready to start up-river with it. Again, in the dry season the steamers may stick on a sandbank before they reach Chiromo, and then the mails have to be sent overland to Blantyre, but the mail-carriers may have to ford flooded rivers, or they may be scared by a lion, so the time they take varies from two and a half to five days. Usually our letters and papers from England are six to seven weeks old when they reach us and I suppose my letters take the same time to reach you. Yet it is wonderful how much up to date people are here in information. It is astonishing what a lot everybody reads, and what heaps of newspapers and magazines are taken in. The Administration has started a lending library with a very decent collection of books, and although this is supposed to be primarily for Administration officials outsiders may by permission be allowed to join. We have a Planters' Association and Chamber of Commerce.

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"The best fun I think is shooting. Game near Blantyre is getting scarce though there are heaps of lions and leopards, but it is so difficult to see them in the long grass and thick bush. What I enjoy, however, is going from a Saturday to Monday towards a mountain called Chiradzulu, and along the river Namasi. We always give our labourers on the plantations a Saturday half-holiday, and I can generally trust the captaos to see that the men do a fair amount of work in the Saturday morning, so that I can sometimes get away on the Friday night with a companion or two. We take tent, beds, folding chairs and table, a few pots and pans and a basket of provisions. One of the chaps who generally comes with me brings his cook with him, a native boy trained at the Mission and not half a bad cook either. We usually ride out on our ponies as far as the Administration station on the Namasi river, as there is a good road there. Here we leave the nags under shelter and then strike off into the bush. Of course the rains are now on us and this sort of thing is not so pleasant in wet weather, but it was very jolly at the end of the dry season when the dense grass and bush were burnt, after the bush fires, and one could get about easily and see the game. We generally chose a place by the banks of a stream with plenty of shade, for our camp. The next day we would walk something like twenty miles in the course of our shooting, and although our luck varied

we seldom failed to get two or three buck at least. As to the guinea fowl, they were there in swarms! It was awfully jolly sitting smoking round a huge camp fire, so perfectly safe and yet in such a wild country with lions roaring at intervals not far away, and the queer sounds of owls and tiger-cats and chirping insects coming from the thick bush. Our boys used to build rough shelters of branches to sleep in and try to keep up fires through the night, more to scare away wild beasts than for any other reason. Recently these little jaunts have been more charming on account of the gorgeousness of the wild flowers, for this is the spring of the year. I am a bit of a botanist, you know, but even if I was not I could not help admiring the gorgeous masses of colour which the different flowers produce among the young green grass, on the bushes, and on the big trees."



IN CAMP—AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING

"PAZULU, *February 14th.*

"We have had an anxious time here with young McClear. He went down the Upper Shire to look at some land that his father is thinking of investing in for growing sugar (as the sugar cane grows there in tremendous luxuriance and there is a great local demand for sugar), but he is a very careless chap, you know, and what with getting wet through with rain and exposing himself too much to the sun and drinking whatever water he comes across, he has fallen ill with black-water fever since he came back to Blantyre. Nobody can quite account for this peculiar disease. Some people say it comes from turning up the new soil of a very rank kind; others—and they are generally doctors—assert that the germ is quite different from that in malarial fever, and enters the system from water, either through the pores of the skin in bathing or through the stomach, if the infected water is drunk. Therefore there should be one very simple preventative by having all one's washing and drinking water boiled. However it may be, young McClear went down with it very suddenly only two days after he got back. He seemed quite well in the morning, ate his breakfast as usual, and went out to the

plantation, but at eleven o'clock I met him coming back to breakfast (we have an early breakfast at six and a big breakfast at eleven—no luncheon) an hour before the usual time. I thought he looked awfully queer. There was a grey look about his face and he was very dark about the eyes. He told me he felt a frightful pain in his back and was very cold. Instead of coming to breakfast he went to bed. Presently his boy came down to tell us that 'Master was very bad.' Old McClear went up and found that his son had got the 'black-water' fever. He vomited steadily all that day, and at night-fall was as yellow as a guinea, besides being dreadfully weak. Of course we had the doctor over as soon as possible, but in this disease doctors at present can do very little. Quinine is of no avail and all that you can aim at is keeping up the patient's strength. Young McClear was smartly purged and then given champagne and water to drink, and he went on vomiting all night and the greater part of next day. The doctor then injected morphia into his arm and this stopped the vomiting and gave him a little sleep. After that he managed to keep down some chicken broth, and the third and fourth days he mended. In six days he was seemingly all right, though a little weak, and on the seventh day he was actually up and about, and his skin had almost regained its normal colour.

"After a go of black-water fever it is always better to leave the country for a change if you can, but you ought not to hurry away too soon lest the fatigues of the journey should bring on a relapse, and therefore McClear will wait till April and then run down to Natal and back for a trip. Many men who come to this country never get black-water fever, either because they take great care of themselves or because the germs which cause the disease by attacking the red-blood corpuscles cannot get the mastery over their systems, but where a man finds himself to be subject to attacks of this disease I should advise him to quit: Central Africa is not for him."

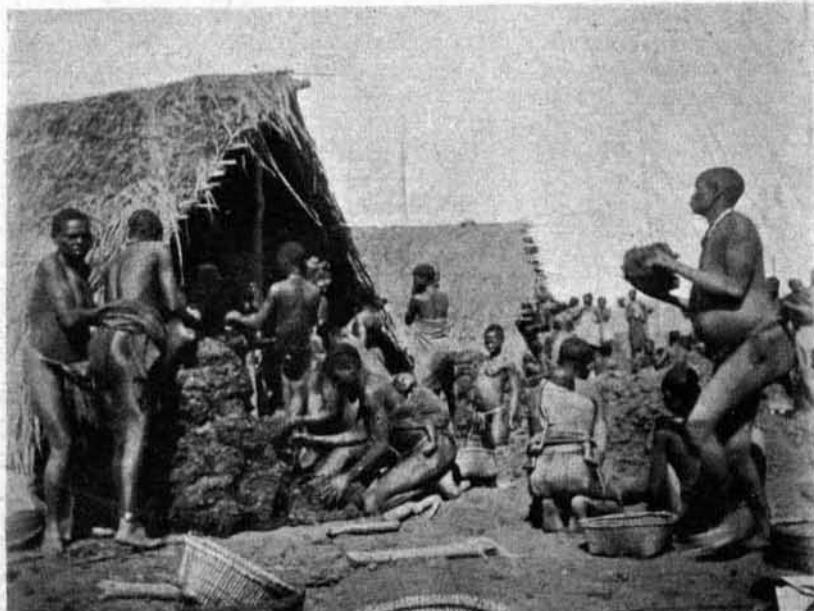
"PAZULU, *May 2nd.*

"Our rainy season came to an end a couple of weeks ago and I want to lose no time about building my house as a large quantity of bricks will have to be made during this dry season. I have hired some native brickmakers from Blantyre. They will be able to make about 1,000 bricks a day. I shall need about 45,000 bricks for my house. I have been cutting timber on McClear's land by arrangement, for joists and beams. The doors, match-board skirting, &c., I shall buy at one of the stores in Blantyre, where I shall also get corrugated iron for the roof and the timber for the inner ceiling, without which the bare iron would be a great deal too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. I shall take care that all the rooms have fire-places. I cannot tell you how necessary fires are here for health and comfort. Fortunately we have any quantity of fire-wood. As I am trying hard to keep within my thousand pounds I shall not build a house of more than three rooms with a nice large verandah, and a portion of the verandah will be cut off as a bath-room and communicate with the bed-room by a door.

"The other two rooms will be respectively dining-room and office in one, and private sitting-room. I shall also run up a small brick store with a strong roof and a strong door (to prevent thieving). My kitchen will be wattle and daub with a thatched roof and a brick chimney and will stand at a little distance from the house connected with it by a covered way. Another corner of the verandah beside the bath-room will be enclosed as a pantry and private store-room for provisions. In building my house I am strongly cautioned to avoid "a through draught." The principle on which the oldest planters' houses were built was a very unhealthy one. The front door opened into a kind of hall which was used as a dining-room, and immediately opposite the front door was a back door by which the food was brought in to the table. The result was that persons sitting at the table sat in a draught, and to sit in a draught in this country or to get a chill in any way is the surest cause of fever.

"My verandah will be paved with tiles which I can obtain in Blantyre from the men who make them. The foundations of the house will be brick, over which I shall put a good layer of cement to stop any nonsense on the part of white ants, though on my

estate we are not troubled with these pests so far as I know, but Thomas, of Blantyre, who lives near here, after building a very nice house has been awfully troubled with the white ants, who in a few nights would build up a huge ant-hill in the middle of the drawing-room, if he was away and the house shut up. They also came up under his bed and broke out all through the walls. The result was he had to take up his carefully laid floors, and dig and dig and dig, until he rooted out at least three separate nests. In one case he was obliged to tunnel down something like ten feet before he found the queen; and until you have found and extirpated the queens your work has been for nothing, for if you fill up the hole the white ant community soon gets to rights again and recommences operations. The worst of it is, you never know whether there may not be more than one queen in the nest and whether you have destroyed them all!



NATIVES MAKING BRICKS

"In front of my house I intend to have a small terrace, which I shall plant in an orderly way with flower beds. Last month I ran over to Zomba for a visit and stayed with one of the officials of the Administration, and there I saw old W—— who is in charge of the Botanical Gardens, who has given me lots of flower seeds, and promised me any amount of plants and strawberries, as soon as my garden is ready to receive them. W—— is giving away strawberry plants to everyone and I wonder that they are not more run after as those planted at Zomba produce excellent crops year after year, the fruit season lasting about five months. They are not large strawberries like those at home, but a small Alpine kind. Yet they are very fragrant and very sweet.

"Down in the lower country near Lake Chilwa, you see a most extraordinary *Euphorbia* growing, which I am afraid most of the planters call "cactuses."¹ These are both quaint and ornamental, and I am going to plant some of them along the bottom of my garden. In the centre of my flower beds I shall put wild date palms, which grow in the stream-valleys, and at each corner of the terrace there shall be a *raphia* palm.

¹ There are no cacti in Africa, except the *Opuntia* (prickly pear) introduced from America into North and South Africa.—H. H. J.

There is one attraction in this country for people who like flowers and palms on the table and about the house. Here they cost absolutely nothing. You have only to send a boy into the bush and he will come back with a young palm which would cost at least a guinea at home, or with a handful of flowers such as you might see in a horticultural show.

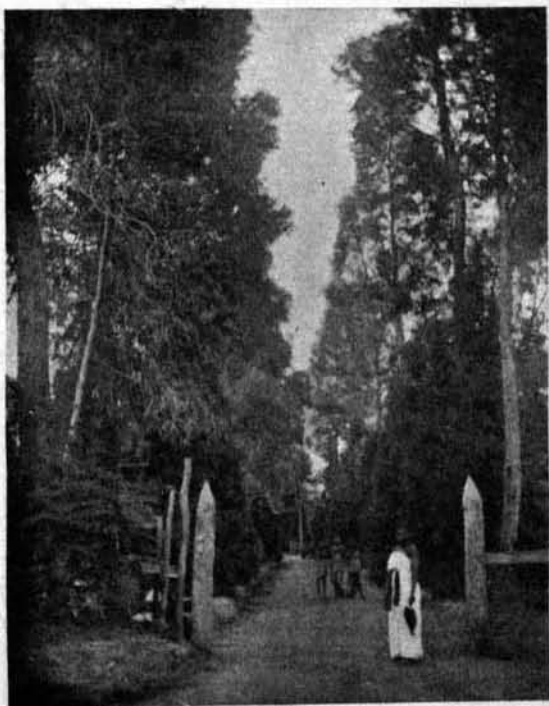
"My coffee presents a most thriving appearance. I keep it studiously free from weeds. Next October I shall be ready to plant up another fifty acres.

"You asked me to give you some idea of Blantyre. It seems hardly correct to speak of it as a town as the houses are still very scattered, yet it is now constituted as a township, and rather well laid out with roads. When all the blanks between the present dwellings are filled up, it will be a very large and important city. At present its future greatness is, as the French would say, only *ébauché*. The most striking feature is the church, which is a very handsome red brick building, apparently a mixture of Norman and Byzantine styles with white domes. It is really an extraordinarily fine church for the centre of Africa, and is appropriately placed in the middle of a large open space or square, without any other buildings near at hand to dwarf its proportions. When we had the Kawinga scare two or three months ago (I forgot to tell you that Kawinga the old slave-raiding chief to the north of Zomba attempted to try conclusions with the British two months ago), it was reported by the natives that Kawinga's object in invading Blantyre would be to secure the church to himself as a residence! It is at present the mean by which all natives measure their ideas of a

really fine building. On one side of the square there are gardens belonging to the mission; on the other side a very handsome school designed somewhat in the Moorish style of architecture. Along the Zomba road to the north of the church are the residences of the European missionaries. This church square is connected with the rest of Blantyre by a handsome avenue of cypresses and eucalyptus. The growth of the cypresses is astonishing, as well as their lateral bulk, and the road is completely shaded and delightful for a stroll, because of a strong wholesome perfume from these conifers. The soil about here is very red, and the neatly-made roads branching off in all directions passing through very green vegetation give a pretty effect to the eye.

There are no buildings along this road until you reach the vicinity of the Administration headquarters which are locally known as the 'Boma'.¹ Here we come to a good many buildings, and all of them red brick with corrugated iron roofs and of one storey. The corrugated iron is not as ugly as you might think as it is mostly painted red, which gives it more the appearance of tiles.

¹ "Boma" is a Swahili word for "stockade." The first settlement of the Government here was on a piece of property belonging to a native which had a stockade of thorn around it. Soon after this was purchased, however, the thorn hedge was done away with.—H. H. J.



CYPRESS AVENUE, BLANTYRE

"Continuing along the straight road, and leaving the Government buildings to the right, you cross the Mudi stream by a fine bridge,¹ built by the African Lakes Company. On the other side of the Mudi one is on the property of the African Lakes Company which is a large suburb, called Mandala, on rising ground, from which a fine view can be obtained of the Mission settlement. At Mandala there are many houses and stores and



EUCALYPTUS AVENUE, ZOMBA

workshops and stables—all very neatly made of brick, with iron roofs. There are handsome roads and gardens and a perfect forest of eucalyptus. The company has extensive nurseries there which extend down to the banks of the Mudi, and has had the good taste to preserve a bit of the old forest which covered the site of Blantyre when the missionaries first arrived. This forest chiefly consisted of a species of acacia tree which has dense dark green foliage in flat layers giving to it at a distance almost the appearance of a cedar. Beyond Mandala one joins the main road to Katunga, and the scenery becomes absolutely beautiful as you mount up towards the shoulder of Soche mountain. Here in all directions there is a beautiful forest, and the views in the direction of the Shire river might vie with the average pretty scenery of any country. There are still numbers of coffee plantations on the outskirts of Blantyre, though the tendency of the planters would naturally be to keep their future plantations farther away from the vicinity of the town. The natives of Blantyre are a rather heterogeneous lot. The foundation of the stock is of Mang'anja race, crossed with

Yao, who invaded the country some years ago; but for many years refugees from other parts of the Protectorate have been gathering round the Mission station, the Lakes Company, Sharrer's Traffic Company, and other large employers of labour, all of whom have brought men down from the lakes and up from the Zambezi, who have gradually made their permanent homes at Blantyre. Morality is very low, and although they are not strikingly dishonest still they are not above petty pilfering, and the coffee plantations which are too near the town are apt to have their berries picked by the black Blantyre citizens at night, and the coffee thus acquired is sent out and sold to native planters—for some of the educated natives and small chiefs have started coffee plantations.

"Unfortunately, the water supply here is very bad, though a little energy would set it all right. There is the Mudi stream, for instance, which flows perennially without much diminution, even in the dry season; but the upper waters of the Mudi flow through native villages and the settlements of the missionary scholars, and all these people wash their clothes and persons in the river, besides emptying into it all kinds of filth. The

¹ The Mudi is crossed higher up by another bridge which the Administration has just made.—H. H. J.

result is that its waters are quite unfit for drinking purposes. A few of the settlers have wells, but all of these except two seem to produce slightly brackish unwholesome water. Away to the north of Blantyre arises another very fine stream, the Likubula. This is rather too much below the level of Blantyre to make it easy to convey the water to the township. The simplest expedient would seem to be the purification of the Mudi.

"But if the Mudi be at present unwholesome its banks are charming for the foliage of the trees and the loveliness of the wild flowers. I would notice specially one crimson lily which gives a succession of flowers for many months of the year.

"And yet how extraordinary people are in regard to wild flowers! I remember when I had just been admiring these red lilies on the Mudi's banks I went to dinner with one of the married couples in Blantyre, and the lady of the house apologised to me for the bareness of the table, complaining that her garden as yet produced no flowers. Yet she had only got to send one of the servants out to the banks of the stream and to the adjoining fields and she could have decked her table with red lilies, mauve, orange, and white ground-orchids, and blue bean flowers in a way which would excite anyone's envy at home.

"My reference to 'married couples' reminds me to tell you that a good many of the men settled here are married and their wives seem to stand the climate as well as if not even better than their husbands, because, I imagine, they are exposed less to the sun and do not have so much outdoor work. Although it is not consistent with the duties of the planter still it is borne in on my mind that the healthiest life in Central Africa is an indoor life. People who keep very much to the house and do not go out or go far afield between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. never seem to get fever. At the same time you should not remain out after sunset as you are apt to get a chill.

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I do not know whether in the foregoing extracts from supposititious letters I have succeeded in giving a fairly correct idea of the life that Europeans lead under present conditions in British Central Africa. More will be said on this subject in dealing with the Missionaries.

For the trader and the planter I think it may be said that the country offers sufficiently sure and rapid profits for their enterprise to compensate the risk run in the matter of health. The various trading companies in the country appear to be doing well with an ever-extending business and to be constantly increasing the number of their establishments. Even traders in a small way, if they have energy and astuteness, may reap considerable earnings with relatively small outlay. One man, for instance, went up to Kotakota on Lake Nyasa with a few hundreds of pounds at his disposal, bought a large number of cattle at a very low price in the Marimba district and purchased all the ivory the Arabs at Kotakota had to dispose of, and on his total transaction made a clear profit of £2000 by selling the cattle and ivory at Blantyre; but it appears to me that as time goes on the European trading community will be limited to the employes of two or three great trading companies commanding considerable capital, and to a number of British Indians who will not in any way conflict with the commerce of the Europeans because they will often act as the middlemen buying up small



A PLANTER

quantities of produce here and there from the natives which they will re-sell in large amounts to the European firms and agencies.

The remainder of the European settlers will be rather planters than traders, disposing likewise of their produce to the commercial companies in British Central Africa. Originally when there was very little or no cash in the country every planter had likewise to be a trader on a small scale as all labourers were paid in trade goods, and all the food that he bought from the natives was purchased in the same manner. Now the country is full of cash, and in many districts the natives refuse to accept any payment except in money, preferring to go to the principal stores and make their purchases there. To a certain extent, moreover, money payments are now compulsory between European employers and their native employes; moreover a planter often objects to taking out a trading licence and prefers instead to relinquish his small commerce in this respect.

Briefly stated, the only serious drawback to British Central Africa as a field of enterprise for trader or planter is malarial fever, either in its ordinary form, or in its severest type which is commonly known as black-water fever. I shall have a few words to say about this malady further on.



AN IVORY CARAVAN ARRIVING AT KOTAKOTA

The advantages are, at the present time, that land is cheap; the country is almost everywhere well watered by perennial streams, and by a reasonable rainfall; the scenery is beautiful in many of the upland districts; the climate is delicious—seldom too hot and often cold and pleasant; there is an abundance of cheap native labour; transport, though offering certain difficulties inherent in all undeveloped parts of Africa, is growing far easier and cheaper than in Central South Africa, as the Shire river is navigable at all times of the year, except for about 80 miles of its course, and Lake Nyasa is an inland sea with a shore line of something like 800 miles. Moreover, the cost of simple articles of food such as oxen, goats or sheep, or of antelopes and other big game, poultry, eggs, and milk is cheap, together with the prices of a few vegetables like potatoes or grain like Indian corn; and all the European goods are not so expensive as they would be in the interior of Australia, in Central South Africa, or in the interior of South America because of the relative cheapness of transport from the coast and of the very low Customs duties.

To sum up the question, I might state with truth that *but* for malarial fever this country would be an earthly paradise; the “*but*” however is a very big one. Whether the development of medical science will enable us to find the same antidote to malarial fever as we have found for small-pox in vaccination, or whether drugs will be discovered which will make the treatment of the disease and recovery therefrom almost certain, remains to be seen. If however

here, as in other parts of tropical Africa, this demon could be conjured, beyond all question the prosperity of Western Africa, of the Congo Basin and of British Central Africa would be almost unbounded.

Ordinary malarial fever is serious but not so dangerous as that special form of it which is styled "black-water" or hæmaturic. The difference between the effects of the two diseases is this. Ordinary malarial fever is seldom immediately fatal but after continued attacks the patient is often left with some permanent weakness. Black-water fever is either fatal in a very few days or has such a weakening effect on the heart that the patient dies during convalescence from sudden syncope; but where black-water fever does not kill it never leaves (as far as I am aware) permanent effects on the system of the sufferer. One attack, however, predisposes to another and as a rule each succeeding attack is more severe than its predecessor. Consequently a man who has had, say, two attacks of black-water fever should not return to any part of Africa where that disease is endemic.¹

The origin and history of bilious hæmoglobinuric or "black-water" fever are still obscure. No mention of this disease would appear to have been made until the middle of this century when it was described by the French naval surgeons at Nossibé in Madagascar. According to Dr. Wordsworth Poole, the principal medical officer of the British Central Africa Protectorate, true black-water fever has occurred in parts of America and in the West Indies besides those portions of Africa and Madagascar to which I have made allusion in the footnote. Dr. Poole states that he has seen a case of it in Rome and that it is said to occur in Greece. The cases occurring in tropical America which Dr. Poole cites I should be inclined to ascribe to a variation of the ordinary type of yellow fever. Now yellow fever, in my opinion, is a very near connection of black-water fever, and some writers on Africa have stated that yellow fever was actually engendered on the slave ships which proceeded from West Africa to South America, and have suggested it was simply an acute development of the ordinary African hæmoglobinuric fever.

One remarkable feature in this disease appears to be that assuming it is only endemic in certain parts of Africa, its germs would seem to be capable of lying dormant for some time in the human system and then to suddenly multiply into prodigious activity and produce an attack of black-water fever some time after the individual has left the infected district. For instance, in 1893 after having been absent nearly two months from British Central Africa in Cape Colony and in Natal, I had a most severe attack of black-water fever, which commenced at Durban on board a gunboat and finished at Delagoa Bay. Again, when travelling through the Tyrol in the autumn of 1894, I was suddenly seized with a slight but obvious attack of this fever after returning from a mountain ascent. Although only ill for about twenty-four

¹ At the present time black-water fever is endemic on the West Coast of Africa from the Gambia on the north to Benguela on the south, and inland as far as the limits of the forest country of West Africa. It extends over the whole of the Congo basin. I believe a few cases were noted on the White Nile and the western tributaries of the Nile before the Mahdi's revolt expelled the Europeans from these parts. It is endemic in the regions round the Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika; in the eastern half of British Central Africa; along the whole course of the Zambezi between Zumbo and its mouth; in the Portuguese province of Moçambique; in German East Africa; and in British East Africa. It is said not to be endemic in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba and that those persons who have suffered from it there brought the germs of it from some other part of Africa. I have not heard that it exists at Beira or south of the Zambezi, but should not be surprised to learn that cases of it occasionally occur there. Roughly speaking, it may be said that as far as we know the Upper Niger regions, the North Central and Eastern Sudan, Abyssinia, Somaliland, Galaland, Egypt, Northern Africa and Africa South of the Zambezi are free from it. It is said to occur in Madagascar.

hours I had every symptom of black-water fever in a marked form. A case occurred with one of the ladies of the Universities Mission, at Zanzibar who had an attack of black-water fever which came on after her return to England.

The mortality in black-water fever is about 40 per cent. among those who have the disease for the first time; 50 per cent. among those who have it for the second time; 75 per cent. among those who have it for the third time; and it is very rare that anyone survives more than three attacks. Not counting the trifling little touch in the Tyrol, I have had four attacks of this disease at different periods from 1886 to 1896. I know one of the German officials in East Africa who has survived five attacks and is apparently in robust health, and Dr. Kerr Cross mentions an European in North Nyasa (in good health at the present time) who has had this fever ten times!

On the last occasion when I had black-water fever I derived very great benefit from a single injection of morphia, which checked the vomiting and gave the body time for repose and recuperation. Otherwise I know of absolutely no drug which has been proved really efficacious in treating this dangerous disease. All we can say at the present time is that good nursing and a good constitution will generally pull patients through an attack. Quinine appears to be of little use, unless during convalescence.

The symptoms of the disease are the following:—

The patient ordinarily complains of a severe pain in his back and a general sense of *malaise*. This is often succeeded by a violent shivering fit. Upon passing urine the latter is found to be a dark sepia colour, and subsequently becomes a deep black with reddish reflexions, which accounts for the popular name given to the fever. Sometimes the colour is almost the tint of burgundy or claret. Not many hours after the attack has begun the colour of the patient's skin becomes increasingly yellow. The temperature may sometimes be as high as 105 degrees following on the shivering fit, but high temperatures are not necessarily a very marked or serious symptom in black-water fever. A most distressing vomiting is perhaps the most customary symptom next to the black water.

The best way to treat this fever is to put the patient immediately to bed, placing hot-water bottles at his feet, and to give him a strong purge. At first the vomiting should not be checked, but as soon as it tends to weaken the patient it ought to be stopped, if not by some opiate drug administered through the stomach, then by an injection of morphia. When it is deemed that the patient has vomited sufficiently to get rid of the poison in the system, and the further vomiting has been to some extent checked, nourishment should then be administered at frequent intervals—strong beef-tea, milk and brandy, eggs beaten up with port wine, &c. Champagne and water, especially if this drink can be iced and made into a champagne-cup, is excellent. Champagne is often of great use in this disease in restoring the patient's strength. Once the dangerous crisis of the disease is passed and any relapse is guarded against by the most careful nursing, the patient is pretty sure to recover, unless he has naturally a very weak heart. The recovery is often pleasantly quick. In all my attacks of black-water fever there has rarely elapsed more than a week between the commencement of the disease and the power to get up and walk about, and convalescence in other ways has come rapidly.

Undoubtedly much ill-health might be avoided in tropical Africa by the adoption of very temperate habits. I have written strongly on the drink question in such Reports to the Government as have been published; I do not

therefore propose to repeat my diatribes in this book. But it should be added that what I object to is not the drinking of good wine or beer, but the consumption of spirits. Whisky is the bane of Central Africa as it is of West Africa, South Africa and Australia. I dare say brandy is as bad as whisky but it has passed out of fashion as a drink, and therefore it has not incurred my animosity to the same extent as the national product of Scotland and Ireland.¹ Moreover, brandy is invaluable in sickness. If any spirits are drunk it seems to me that gin is the least harmful, as it has a good effect on the kidneys. In hot climates like that of Central Africa whisky seems to have a bad effect on the liver and on the kidneys.

I do not suppose these words will have much effect on my readers.



IVORY AT MANDALA STORE (AFRICAN LAKES COMPANY)

Alcoholic excess is our national vice, and while we are ready enough to deplore the opium-eating-or-smoking on the part of the Indians or Chinese,—a vice which is not comparable in its ill effects to the awful abuse of alcohol which is so characteristic of the northern peoples of Europe,—we still remain indifferent to the effects of spirit-drinking which has been the principal vice of the nineteenth century. The abuse of wine or beer, though bad like all abuses, is a relatively wholesome excess compared to even a moderate consumption of spirits. Though I think of the two extremes total abstinence is the better course to follow in Central Africa, I do *not* recommend total abstinence from all forms of alcohol. I think, on the contrary, the moderate use of wine is distinctly beneficial, especially for anæmic people.

Trading with the natives on a large scale is, as I have said, chiefly confined to two or three large companies—the African Lakes, Sharrer's, the Oceana Company and Kahn & Co. But a small amount of barter chiefly for provisions

¹ Which alone, I believe, among strong waters develops the poisonous Fusel Oil.

is still carried on by all Europeans residing in the less settled parts of British Central Africa. The imported trade goods consisted chiefly of cotton stuffs from Manchester and Bombay, beads from Birmingham and Venice, blankets from England, India and Austria, fezzes from Algeria and from Newcastle-under-Lyne, boots from Northampton, felt hats from various parts of England, hardware and brass wire and hoes from Birmingham, cutlery from Sheffield, and various fancy goods from India.

The trade products which British Central Africa gives us in exchange for these goods and for much English money in addition are: Ivory, coffee, hippo. teeth, rhinoceros horns, cattle, hides, wax, rubber, oil seeds, sansevieria fibre, tobacco, sugar (locally consumed), wheat (ditto), maize (ditto), sheep, goats and poultry (ditto), timber (ditto), and the *Strophanthus* drug.



KAHN AND CO'S TRADING STORE AT KOTAKOTA

It only remains to say a few words about the relations between the Europeans and the natives. I am convinced that this eastern portion of British Central Africa will never be a white man's country in the sense that all Africa south of the Zambezi, and all Africa north of the Sahara will eventually become—countries where the white race is dominant and native to the soil. Between the latitudes of the Zambezi and the Blue Nile, Africa must in the first instance be governed in the interests of the black man, and the black man will there be the race predominant in numbers, if not in influence. The future of Tropical Africa is to be another India; not another Australia. The white man cannot permanently colonise Central Africa; he can only settle on a few favoured tracts, as he would do in the North of India. Yet Central Africa possesses boundless resources in the way of commerce, as it is extremely rich in natural products,—animal, vegetable and mineral. These it will pay the European to develop and should equally profit the black man to produce. Untaught by the European he was living like an animal, miserably poor in the midst of boundless wealth. Taught by the European he will be able to develop

this wealth and bring it to the market, and the European on the other hand will be enriched by this enterprise. But Central Africa is probably as remote from self government or representative institutions as is the case with India. It can only be administered under the benevolent despotism of the Imperial Government, though in the future and developed administration there is no reason to suppose that black men may not serve as officials in common with white men and with yellow men, just as there are Negro officials in the administration of the West African colonies, and Malay officials in the Government of the Straits Settlements.

It must not be supposed that the Administration of British Central Africa has always had, or will always command the unhesitating support of the white settlers now in the country. It sometimes seems to me that the bulk of these sturdy pioneers (excellent though the results of their work have been in developing the resources of the country) would, if allowed to govern this land in their own way, use their power too selfishly in the interests of the white man. This I find to be the tendency everywhere where the governing white men are not wholly disinterested, are not, that is to say, paid to see fair play. From time to time a planter rises up to object to the natives being allowed to plant coffee, in case they should come into competition with him, or urges the Administration to use its power despotically to compel a black man to work for wages whether he will or not.

The ideal of the average European trader and planter in Tropical Africa would be a country where the black millions toil unremittingly for the benefit of the white man. They would see that the negroes were well fed and not treated with harshness, but anything like free will as to whether they went to work or not, or any attempt at competing with the white man as regards education or skilled labour would not be tolerated.

As a set off against this extreme is the almost equally unreasonable opinion entertained by the missionaries of a now fast-disappearing type, that Tropical Africa was to be developed with English money and at the cost of English lives, solely and only for the benefit of the black man, who, as in many mission stations, was to lead an agreeably idle life, receiving food and clothes gratis, and not being required to do much in exchange but make a more or less hypocritical profession of Christianity. This mawkish sentiment, however, no longer holds the field, and there is scarcely a mission in Nyasaland which does not inculcate among its pupils the stern necessity of work in all sections of humanity. The great service that Christian missions have rendered to Africa has been to act as the counterpoise to the possibly selfish policy of the irresponsible white pioneer, in whose eyes the native was merely a chattel, a more or less useful animal, but with no rights and very little feeling.

It is the mission of an impartial administration to adopt a mean course between the extreme of sentiment and the extreme of selfishness. It must realise that but for the enterprise and capital of these much-criticised, rough and ready pioneers Central Africa would be of no value and the natives would receive no payment for the products of their land, would, in fact, relapse into their almost ape-like existence of fighting, feeding and breeding. Therefore due encouragement must be shown to European planters, traders and miners, whose presence in the country is the figure before the ciphers. Yet, it must be borne in mind that the negro is a man, with a man's rights; above all, that he was the owner of the country before we came, and deserves, nay, is entitled to, a share in the land, commensurate with his needs and

numbers; that in numbers he will always exceed the white man, while he may some day come to rival him in intelligence; and that finally if we do not use our power to govern him with absolute justice the time will come sooner or later when he will rise against us and expel us as the Egyptian officials were expelled from the Sudan.

APPENDIX I.

BILIOUS HÆMOGLOBINURIC: OR, BLACK-WATER FEVER

BY DR. D. KERR CROSS, M.B.

THIS form of fever has been met with in the Mauritius, Senegal, Madagascar, the Gold Coast, French Guiana, Venezuela, in some parts of Central America, and the West India Islands. It is even said to have been seen in some parts of Italy and Spain. It has been carefully studied in Nosi-bé, on the north-west of Madagascar, where it is estimated that one in fourteen of the Malarial Fevers treated there were Hæmoglobinuric. Some cases observed in Rome have been carefully studied, with the result that some are associated with the *Plasmodium Malarie*—the Bacterium in Malarial Fever—while others are not. The same has been the case on the Gold Coast. The generally accepted opinion is that Hæmoglobinuric fever may arise apart from any malarial affection. Any bacterium which destroys the Red Blood Corpuscles and sets free the red colouring matter—Hæmoglobin—will bring about this form of fever. Hæmoglobin is an irritant to the kidneys, and brings on a congested state of that organ. In this form of fever we always find the kidneys abnormal both in size and in weight, while there is a bleeding into the tissue under the capsule and in the interstitial cortical substance, or with the discoloration which we know to result from these conditions. The Epithelia lining the convoluted tubes of the kidney are larger than normal and are cloudy, while the tubes themselves contain casts that are stained yellow; this yellow staining being in a very fine state of division or, in some cases, in large granules. There is a marked obstruction of the tubules of the kidney, both in the cortical and pyramidal portion. The blood vessels and capillaries are often found to contain corpuscles that are deeply stained. This is also the case with the glomeruli of the organ. The serum of the blood contains great quantities of free hæmoglobin which gives it a yellow colour. This yellow colour is seen in the serum obtained from the application of a blister to the surface and in blood drawn for microscopic purposes.

This form of fever begins as a regular remittent. There is usually severe vomiting of bilious matter—indeed, my experience is that in a severe case there is vomiting every half-hour night and day. There are bilious stools of a frothy yellow substance. There is very marked jaundice over the whole body. There is delirium of a violent form. Sometimes there is a free discharge of black urine or, it may be, of actual blood. Towards the close of a fatal case there is suppression of the urine resulting in coma and convulsions. Everything in this affection points to the wholesale destruction of the Red Blood Corpuscles, and to a desperate effort on the part of the system to throw something off. From the suddenness with which the tissues of the whole body become yellow, we might say that every tissue takes on itself the power of secreting bile. Bile is eliminated by the bowels, by the skin, by the kidneys, and by the liver. The patient vomits, purges, sweats, and in some cases bleeds. The gums, it may be, become spongy and sore, and may even shed blood. There may be bleeding from the mouth and nose and over purple spots on the skin. As in the case of yellow fever, there may be a

bleeding from the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, which, acted on by the digestive fluids, may lead to a Black Vomit. A marked feature, too, in some cases is that the attacks are paroxysmal. They come on with a shivering fit, with pains in the back, retention of the testes, vomiting, and lowered temperature. Two hours afterwards, when the urine is passed, it is bloody, contains albumin, and deposits a thick sediment. The dark urine may continue to be passed for three or four days, but in other cases after a few hours there is a return to the normal state. I have known of seizures to come on every morning about eight o'clock for ten or twelve days in succession. Gradually, however, they seemed to diminish in severity, and then to pass off. Between the attacks the urine seemed perfectly normal.

There is another form where we get actual blood in the urine. The blood is intimately mixed with the urine, and is like "porter."

Then we may get actual suppression of urine. The malarial poison acts on the kidneys like a poison. The result of this suppression is uræmic poisoning.

It seems to be the case that certain constitutions have a predisposition to this form of fever. There are many who have resided in British Central Africa for ten or more years who have not once suffered from its effects, while others have not been resident as many months, and have suffered from several attacks. It is not the case that quinine taken in prophylactic doses every day arms the constitution against it. For myself personally I take this drug only when I think I need it, and not as a preventative medicine; and while I have suffered from ordinary fever I have not once in eleven years had the more serious affection. This also seems to be an accepted fact: one attack of black-water fever predisposes to another, so that eventually every attack of malarial fever will take this form. I think this explains the fact of one European at the north of Lake Nyasa having had ten consecutive attacks in a period of three years.

From the suddenness of its onset and the equal suddenness of its disappearance, together with its remarkable tendency in some cases to come on in paroxysms, I think that the explanation is to be found in the study of the neurotic supply of the kidney.

It is remarkable, too, that women and weakly persons are seldom affected. It seems to be confined to young, healthy individuals, in whom there is great muscular waste. It comes on, too, after a long spell of the most robust health, and that with great suddenness. I think, too, that it is a disease of mountainous regions. It does occur in the lower parts, but my observation leads me to affirm that it is more prevalent in hilly districts in the centre of malarious regions.

APPENDIX II.

HINTS AS TO OUTFIT FOR BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

1. FLANNEL is a great mistake unless it is mixed with a large proportion of silk. Pure flannel is an abomination in the tropics. Either on account of some inherent property of the wool, or probably of some chemical compound with which it is prepared, the action of perspiration on the flannel in a tropical country is to at once create a most offensive smell, even in persons who are constantly changing their clothes, and who attend to personal cleanliness. Moreover, no flannel yet invented (all advertisements on the subject are to be absolutely disbelieved) ever failed to shrink into unwearableness after, at most, the third washing. Again, the feel of the flannel on the skin in a warm climate is singularly irritating and hurtful. Persons going to Africa are strongly advised to wear not flannel, but either silk and wool underclothing, or merino. Merino is excellent. It is cleanly, absolutely odourless, stands any amount of washing, and is pleasant in contact with the skin. Under almost all circumstances save those where the temperature rises above 100 degrees in the shade, a merino under-garment should always be worn